JOHN BULL, quick selling FEBRUARY 21, 1942.

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXII. 1862

3D EVERY THURSDAY

A JOB FOR SCOTLAND YARD By the EDITOR

RUSSIA'S 'FLYING TANKS'

SLEEPERS AWAKE! by A.G.G.

TINNED MILK IS DELICIOUS THIS WAY

HERE'S HOW!

ONE CUP RECIPE

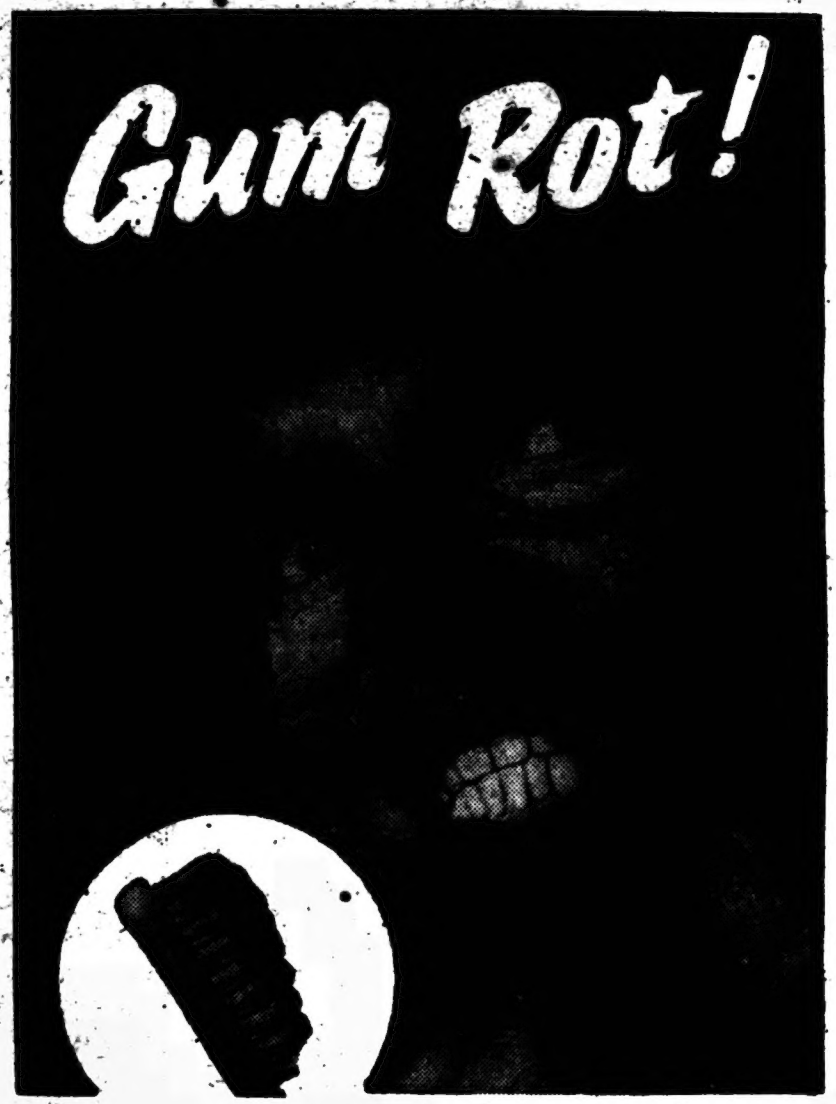
1 teaspoonful Bournville Cocoa
1 teaspoonful sugar
2 teaspoonfuls unsweetened concentrated milk

Mix cocoa and sugar to a paste with a little boiling water. Fill up with boiling water and add the concentrated milk.

LESS THAN PRE-WAR PRICE

5D PER QTR LB.

BOURNVILLE COCOA



Blood on your brush?

that's dangerous!

It's the sign of gum-rot (pyorrhœa) and gum-bleeding (gingivitis). Take no chances—use Gibbs S.R. regularly. It contains Sodium Ricinoleate, the dentist's treatment for gum troubles. It keeps gums firm and teeth sparkling.

Gibbs "S.R." TOOTHPASTE

7½d & 1/6

GR 112-188-60

D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON

'Take my case'

says Mrs. Simple.

"I know we all ought to keep to the ration," says Mrs. Simple, "but to take my case. The other day the butcher offered me a bit extra. I might just as well have it, he said: it would only go bad if I didn't. Well, it's a sin to let food go bad, specially in war-time. So what could I do? And where was the harm, anyway?"

Yes, Mrs. Simple, it *is* sometimes possible to concoct a plausible case for beating the ration. That's why it's safest to make a rule, once for all, and stick to it. Just think a minute. If you help Mr. Bones to dispose of his surplus meat, you save him the trouble of doing his duty — which is to make a careful forecast of his customers' legitimate needs. That means go-as-you-please distribution, and go-as-you-please distribution means, in the long run, many people getting less than their fair share. As for the food going bad, next time he pitches you *that* yarn ask him what's wrong with his cold store.

Fair shares for all, Mrs. Simple!

FOOD FACTS No. 82. THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1

Clara Carrot

The spice of life is very much Clara Carrot's concern; for she's a master of variety — a quick-change artist with a hundred and one disguises, each more amusing than the last. If you've only met her plain and boiled you've no idea how delightful she can be in other modes. You should try

Jugged Brisket

2½ lbs. brisket, 2 lbs. carrots, 2 tablespoons dripping, 1½ pts. vegetable stock, 1 tablespoon gravy thickening, 2 tablespoons piquant sauce or vinegar from pickle bottle, 1 saltspoon mustard. Melt the dripping in a stout saucepan. Grate half the carrot into it. Put in the meat, then the rest of the grated carrot. Pour in 1 pint stock. Cover saucepan, simmer 2 hrs. Thicken rest of stock with gravy thickening. Add sauce and mustard, pour into pot and cook fast for 10 mins. A grand dish, to serve 4 or 5.

C10

MIX YOUR HORLICKS WITH WATER ONLY - NO MILK NEEDED

Regular Horlicks users know that the correct way to make this delicious food-drink is and always has been to mix it with water — hot or cold — the milk is already in it.

And what an advantage this is at the present moment! The use of Horlicks makes no demands on your milk supply.

Horlicks is a complete food-drink

Mixed with water only, Horlicks is a complete food-drink. Horlicks is milk combined with the nutritive extracts of malted barley and wheat. The special process of combining these ingredients ensures the digestive and nutritive properties which make Horlicks so valuable.

Remember that to make hot Horlicks you should use water that is off the boil. Never use boiling water.

Prices are the same as before the war: from two shillings a bottle.

We ask you to be patient when you cannot get Horlicks. Our reduced supplies are being distributed as evenly and fairly as possible.

THE FAMOUS PURPLE DIAMOND

ASK YOUR REPAIRER FOR

DRI-PED LEATHER

If your repairer cannot supply Dri-ped, write to Dri-ped Ltd., Rose Hill Tannery, Bolton, Lancs.

JOHN! DON'T FORGET YOUR JILPS

CURE COUGHS, COLDS AND SORE THROATS

Menthol, Eucalyptus and Glucose are among the many health-protecting ingredients contained in Jilps, all highly recommended by doctors. Buy Jilps whenever you can, supplies are restricted these days.

Made by The Devonshire Confectionery Co., Ltd., Eastbourne

Healthy dogs make good companions

Despite wartime handicaps, your dog will always be healthy and happy if you give him his regular Bob Martin's. Just 'one a day' will keep him always fit, friendly, companionable.

BOB MARTIN'S CONDITION POWDERS

keep dogs fit

In packets: 9 powders 7d., 20 for 1/1d. From all chemists, corn-dealers, etc.

— to the last —

crumb!

"Waste not, want not" never was truer than today. So make the most of your Weetabix. It can be used to make other foods go farther. It can be used to give "balance" to a meal.

Weetabix is all wheat. It makes the best use of the wheat, retaining all the valuable properties of this life-giving grain and presenting them in the most delicious and digestible form.

Of course, Weetabix is sometimes difficult to obtain. Yet more is being made than ever before. On the other hand, many, many more people are eating it. So, when you get Weetabix use it to the best advantage — never waste a crumb.

Weetabix

NOW — ONE SIZE ONLY 1/1

More than a Breakfast Food!

WEETABIX LTD., Weetabix Mills, Burton Latimer, NORTHANTS

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, February 21, 1942.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true"

INCOME TAX

● Somerset House officials are working hard to find a better way of charging income tax on wages.

Last week JOHN BULL drew attention to the troubles caused by the present fantastic system.

This week we predict that the experts will have a terrific battle to win even small reforms.

They will have to struggle against the dead hand of the Treasury and the obstinacy of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Kingsley Wood.

There is one gleam of hope.

Big Business, worried by the loss of production because some workers are reluctant to work overtime, is setting its accountants the task of finding a solution.

Chambers of Commerce are also vigilant.

Above all, the T.U.C. is deeply concerned with the problem; so is the Inland Revenue Staff Federation.

They will fight Sir Kingsley. But, frankly, JOHN BULL expects only small gains.

There may be a scheme for seasonal workers, who now pay tax on high wages earned months ago though they may now be earning very little, to pay tax in advance. And there may be a concession for married women workers.

traight from the Shoulder

THIRTY DAYS

ONE month to go. One month before the thaw begins on Russia's southern front. One more month before the full rim force of Nazi might is again wung eastwards, poised for battle. Soon after that month of preparaon has ended, the enemy's Spring fensive must be expected.

he Wide View

It will not be aimed only at our ally.

We in this small island must cease inking of the war in terms of isolated ttlefields. We shall court disaster if trust that the tremendous resistance the Russians will save us from the nsequences of our muddles and unders.

In the next month or six weeks we ust plan for a terrific trial of strength *ong the whole of the World Front.*

nger Zones

In the Atlantic, the U-boat peril will arpen. The *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenu* threaten a new danger to our ipping.

A last determined effort will be made oust us from the Mediterranean.

Beyond doubt, the Japanese will widen eir spheres of conquest and plunder.

The bitter epic of Singapore may enurage an assault on that other kingn of the World Front, Gibraltar.

anco Speaks

Too little attention has been paid to e tour of General Franco. Straight m his conferences with military chiefs d Axis agents, he has gone boldly rough the Republic provinces of talonia and Aragon.

He has appealed for their support en "our moment of need comes." He has declared: "Life means fighting. We have a chief. We have an army. What we want now is a people."

Closing the Door

Baron von Rheinhaben, chief of the Nazi colony in Lisbon, declares that Portugal is the only door through which Britain can maintain free contact with Europe.

He asserts that "this door will soon be shut with a bang."

Two Thrusts

This much is certain:

Whatever the methods and whichever the routes, Hitler will attempt to sweep through the Mediterranean and the Caucasus—a mighty two-pronged thrust towards the oilfields of Persia.

In the Pacific, the death-disdainful Japanese will fall upon the whole of the Dutch East Indies and attempt to cut the Burma Road.

'Planes and 'Planes

The Russians are confident of being able to hold the south—providing they get ample supplies from Britain and the U.S. They need more tanks, more munitions. Above all, more aircraft.

The Chinese will fight like fury to save Rangoon. But more 'planes—many more—are wanted there.

The Navy's Part

The American fleet's arrival at New Zealand suggests that we shall fit out a powerful naval force to cut the Japanese lines.

But that will take time. And it will call for many more naval vessels of all kinds—supported by aircraft.

In the Middle East, we want not only more equipment, but better equipment.

S O S

In every sector of the World Front, indeed, the overriding demand is for aircraft.

Without adequate air support, the bravery of our troops will not avail. Without ample air superiority, we shall continue to suffer humiliating defeats and grave disasters.

Roll out the 'planes to roll up the enemy!

Factory Facts

Some aircraft factories are rolling them out. Some. Not all.

An aircraft inspector of fifteen years' experience tells JOHN BULL that he does half an hour's work a day. He tells us of hopeless slackness and inefficiency.

An inspector from another aircraft factory estimates that production could be trebled. He reports that many of the men go to sleep, just because they are refused work or told to "hang out the job."

Who Knows!

Not merely those workers but the whole nation is entitled to ask why, in this third year of war, their skill is wasted and their keenness blunted.

There are other urgent questions for our leaders to answer—questions on which the war's future must hinge.

We Wonder!

Are we building all the medium tanks that we shall need? Have we also a heavy tank-busting tank in production?

Have we dive-bombers and anti-tank 'planes? Are we turning out enough torpedoes for air attacks on enemy shipping?

Is the shipbuilding industry anywhere near an all-out effort?

Well Below

Our production is immense. That need not be doubted. It is still rising. That is obvious.

But it remains far below its maximum. It is far too little to meet our minimum requirements.

Wise Move

It is capable of great and sustained improvement. It will be somewhat improved now that the Government has wisely, if belatedly, allowed ordnance workers a voice on production problems.

It will be much improved if private employers endorse that decision.

There must be not only wiser management but wiser control from Whitehall. Every individual worker must give of his best.

Not Enough

Even if our own Forces had all the equipment they needed, even if we could give as much to Russia and China as we should like, there would still be a startling and inexplicable weakness.

Non-Co-operation!

The United Nations must hammer out a world-wide strategy.

The Axis has done so. From the North Sea to the Indian Ocean, we are reminded of the grievous results.

World Pool

All the resources of all the United Nations must be pooled and used wherever they can be most effective.

Lord Beaverbrook could do his best work by securing that world co-operation. His own emphasis on this great aspect of his task is a hopeful omen.

End of the Road

Moreover, the United Nations must keep the end of the road in view.

Their war aims—and peace aims—should be announced without further delay.

Chiang Kai-shek's talks in India point to a more enlightened policy.

We must do more than harness the material resources of the 26 nations ranged against the Dictators. We must do more than deploy their armies. We must enlist the enthusiasm of all their peoples.

Hitler's Fever

Is our Government underestimating the titanic efforts that Germany and Japan are now making?

We can but judge by actions, and the British effort presents a poor contrast.

You can be sure that Hitler is not allowing men and machinery to idle. You can be certain that he is not allowing private inefficiency or official stupidity to hamper his feverish preparations for a gigantic Spring offensive.

One Month

Whereas the United Nations appear to be fumbling still. Their strength is dissipated, their attention distracted, their planning is piecemeal.

There should be one concerted drive, one compelling purpose, one supreme organisation apparent in all its activities.

Our Government should take the initiative in this joint strategy. And it should do so now.

Continued overleaf)

WE MUST GROW MORE FOOD

● Not only is British industry producing far less than it could and should be. So is our agriculture.

Whitehall's policy relies on the big farmers.

But there are less than 50,000 farmers with more than 150 acres. There are more than 300,000 smaller growers.

It was the smaller man who was brought near to starvation level during the pre-war depression. It was he who suffered most from onerous bank mortgages—and who provided most of the great crop of bankruptcies.

It is he who needs most assistance from the Government now.

It is he who needs not merely kindly advice but practical help from the county war agricultural committees.

In many cases, those committees seem hidebound or dictatorial.

There are too many evictions of struggling farmers who should be provided with the means of enabling them to farm well and thus help the whole nation in its struggle.

From Morayshire to Gloucestershire, complaints come in from householders who are being evicted just because their houses are owned by farmers who have been officially ordered to quit their holdings.

Less dictation; more labour, more skilled advice, better facilities for hiring machinery—those are the chief means by which our agriculture would benefit in this all-important year.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

SOME of the Home Guard must still wait for arms.

But the wait need not be wasted. Much might be done to raise the general standard of physical fitness

So far there has been no medical examination for Home Guards. And we read of elderly Home Guards collapsing and dying in the street.

Game but Groggy

No time should be lost in grading men according to their fitness. It will be found that while all are "game" enough, many are incapable of standing prolonged exertion or exposure, though they could probably be improved by special training.

In short, the H.G. should be given a hardening course so that it will be able to use the weapons when it gets them.

Plenty of Labour

This week's N.F.S. gem:

A little village has a sub-station formerly staffed by a voluntary crew. Now there are ten firemen at 70s. a week each, two section leaders at £5 15s. each to look after the men, and a fire commander to supervise the officers.

The men's boredom has just been broken by chuckles at the appointment of a shorthand-typist. Of course, there's nothing for her to do.

Birthday Suits

There were chuckles, too, when a reader inspected two decontamination centres near London. He found that all possible equipment had been provided except a change of clothing for the gas victims, whose own garments would have to be decontaminated.

Unless officialdom wants the civil population to sit around in its birthday suits, all gas centres should stock an emergency wardrobe.

Only a Rumour

"Typhus outbreak in Britain" rumours are scudding about. Don't believe them.

We have investigated a few. They have no more basis in fact than that a few quite clean people have become infected with vermin and have notified the authorities, whose precautionary cleansing steps have set silly tongues wagging.

Penny Wise

Shortage of nurses is officially admitted. We expect it to continue, for the recent rise in nurses' pay was hardly more tempting than a crumb from a rich man's table.

One nurse we know starts work at 7 a.m. and finishes at 9 p.m. If she wishes to go out during her off-duty hours she must obtain special permission to remain out after 10.30 p.m.

Her wages are 29s. 6d.

Asking for It

M.P.s are often dissatisfied with the Ministry of Pensions. Only the Minister, Sir Walter Womersley, can be surprised at that.

So dissatisfied was Mr. Rhys Davies with a recent answer of Sir Walter's that he gave notice to raise the matter on the Adjournment.

Whereupon Sir Walter astonished M.P.s by the retort: "If you do, you will be sorry you did."

We make no comment. We merely wonder how Sir Walter would treat a mere pensioner who dared to protest.

Below the Century

One statement of Sir Walter's should surprise the whole country. He admits that, since war began, only ninety-six pension cases were referred to an independent medical expert because of "serious doubt or difficulty" on the medical evidence.

And only eight were personally examined by the expert.

Form Factory

One reader has had to fill up thirty-one forms (some identical) in the last seventeen months for a 5s. 6d.-a-week pension in respect of his son, who was killed in France.

All, of course, have to be witnessed. Three birth certificates had to be supplied at a cost of 3s. 7d. each (two have not yet been returned), and a marriage certificate.

How many of the Ministry's staff are solely employed on devising new forms?

Food Wasted

Another question we'd like answered: How many tons of food are allowed to rot in Britain each year?

Swansea Corporation reports that food has had to be wasted because it was left too long in cold storage.

Fife's medical officer tells of tinned meats, fish, milk, apples, oranges and eggs that have become unfit for consumption. He adds: "There is an enormous amount of food going to waste."

Again we suspect that Officialdom pays more attention to forms than the public's needs.

Red Tape

One woman, taking a temporary war job in London, walked two miles to Hampstead Food Office for a temporary ration card

She produced her identity card and ration books as requested. Her points card, she explained, had been left in the country so that her child could obtain tinned food.

Whereupon she was refused an emergency card—and had to live on other people's food for a week until the points card could be obtained from her Cornwall home.

More of It

Again, farm workers who renew their applications for special cheese rations are told to go back for their unemployment cards.

The cards are supposed to prove that they are still employed on agriculture.

Well, they couldn't leave agriculture anyway because of the Essential Works Order, and their first application should be a test of their *bonâ fides*.

So the subsequent formalities are just tangles of red tape.

British Restaurants

Thousands of factory workers in the West Country cannot get midday meals. When on fire guard, they cannot get hot food for a whole day—and then have to cycle ten miles home.

Local council refuses to provide a British restaurant. Excuse is that it cannot find an accountant, though some of the evacuated Civil Servants in the district would willingly audit the books free of charge.

Perhaps a stronger reason is that the Government has allowed private interests to impede the good work of public restaurants.

Absurdity

If you travel by rail between Glasgow and London, you must be prepared to go without food for ten to twenty hours. But if you journey from Edinburgh to Glasgow—an hour's run—you can have a buffet meal in comfort.

And if you go from Glasgow to Aberdeen or Inverness, you can have a hot breakfast or three-course lunch or dinner in a full dining-car.

Some Servicemen, travelling from London to Scotland, have been utterly exhausted at the end of the journey. No one seems to mind.

Reminder

Gentle tip to the gangs now removing gates and railings for scrap: It is not necessary to tear down stone walls or damage house fronts.

Hartlepool town council is sending a protest to the Ministry of Works. But Hartlepool is not the only town that is being wrecked.

Answer to Mr. Bevin

Arrears of wages are to be paid to a worker dismissed for misconduct if he appeals successfully and the National Service Officer directs the employer to reinstate him.

"What more could be done?" asks Mr. Bevin.

Why, just this: Remove the right of the officer to veto the recommendation of the appeal board!

Proud to be British!

Mr. A was born in England fifty-two years ago. His parents were Polish. He served three and a half years with the British Forces in the last war.

This time he has been given an official training as an engineer. After his six months' course he was sent to an ordnance factory—and turned away because his parents belonged to a nation that we are proud to recognise as our ally.

One of Many

Now he's a labourer, washing shells in a private arms works.

His case is not exceptional. Even if it were JOHN BULL would regard it as a damnable example of Old-School-Tie idiocy and an insult to a good citizen.

Topsy-Turveydom

A Leicester firm of waste-paper merchants is also bewildered at the stark idiocy of officialdom.

It needed extra men to cope with the bigger consignments of paper-for-munitions. But officialdom blandly refuses the request because the work cannot be regarded as of national importance!

So many tons of January's collections remain unbaled and undespatched.

Joy Ride!

Waste continues of the petrol brought to our shores at great risk by brave men.

Fleets of buses conveyed 7,000 Home Guards from a north-eastern city to a country spot for exercises. But someone had blundered, and straightway they were all brought back again.

Costly Cleaning

Men at a Midlands fire station must also wonder when they hear tales of "petrol shortage."

For they get regular deliveries for their engines and other vehicles—as much as if they were enduring a non-stop blitz campaign.

So the precious liquid is used to clean the floors at headquarters.

Lord Chatfield Answers

In a recent issue we asked for an official explanation to dispel suspicion concerning air raid awards for gallantry.

Lord Chatfield has answered. He informs us that the A.F.S. woman officer to whom we referred has no intention of returning the B.E.M. awarded her and that her over-modest statements were given publicity which she regrets.

There is no truth, he adds, in allegations concerning a Hampstead post warden, and he is satisfied that the warden well merited the George Medal bestowed on him.

Behind the News

- **Nazi search for manpower is so desperate that 100,000 Polish, Greek and Yugoslav orphans between the ages of thirteen and sixteen have been "shanghaied" to Germany as demolition and factory labourers.**
- *Though badly in need of shipping, Germany has diverted half of all European shipbuilding yards to U-boat construction.*
- Spread of typhus continues. Costing Hitler millions in time and money is fumigation of all trains between east and west Europe; passengers have to spend nine days in quarantine stations.
- **Overflow of German casualties from Russia to Balkans and Austria has caused the eviction of 500,000 families without compensation.**
- *Quisling has lost his last chance of mercy from his people by banning religious teaching for children and ordering Nazi "youth system" to be imposed instead.*
- Russian victories have given Sweden long-waited chance to slip out of Nazi stranglehold. Stockholm has already cut down German propaganda and espionage; Swedish Press is no longer afraid to advocate resistance to Nazi ideas.
- **Tata Iron Works in India is producing 12,000,000 tons of pig-iron and steel a year—the greatest in the Empire.**
- *Two more of Hitler's medical specialists—Weiss and Uhl—have been suddenly retired and reported killed in action shortly afterwards. In all, nineteen specialists have come and gone in the last six months.*
- Leading Germans are refusing big jobs for fear they will suffer punishment if Hitler loses the war.
- **That is why he is appointing his close friends to key posts in German industry. They are so compromised that nothing will save them anyway.**
- *But Dr. Schacht, recently boosted quite unexpectedly after his name was covered with silence for two years, has refused to swallow the bait.*
- Marshal von Leeb has been withdrawn from the Russian front and placed in command of the German home army. He is the foremost German defence expert; his task to prevent invasion of Germany.

A JOB for SCOTLAND YARD

PROFITTEERING of one kind and another is becoming the chief industry of the criminals and racketeers.

It is fast growing into an organised conspiracy against the community; a vast and dangerous racket such as developed in the United States under the gangster bosses.

The American authorities had to call in the Federal Police to break this menace with their G-men. Now, at the outset of their war, they have set up a special police Bureau to fight profiteering.

And JOHN BULL *says that the only sure and speedy way to smash the Black Markets in this country is to call in Scotland Yard.*

Of course, the Yard is already playing some part in the Government's protracted and inefficient "rat hunt."

But the prime cause of the scandalous delay in stamping out the Black Markets altogether is that Whitehall bureaucracy is trying to tackle work which is essentially and obviously a job for the police.

Under the present system each Ministry concerned has its own private detective force of Security or Enforcement Officers. They make endless inquiries, and ultimately they nose out thousands of offences—mostly small ones.

But it is only when raids are to be made or arrests effected that the police are called in.

Moreover, even when Scotland Yard obtains direct information of some particular racket, it is more than likely that three or four separate Ministries may be concerned.

Each has to be consulted. Elaborate and cumbersome minutes are passed to and fro. Officials insist on completing their own inquiries and building up their elaborate cases.

Time marches on, and the rats grow so fat meanwhile that, when they are trapped at last, almost any fine can be written off as "working expenses."

This . . . simply . . . will . . . not . . . do.

In its last annual report, the London Trades Council said:

"We are not fighting this war to make a profiteer's paradise. Let the Government brand as criminals those who seek to make a profit out of the lives of merchant seamen and the blood of our brothers. Let them take action NOW before an angry people forces them to."

The warning is none too strong. In time of war deliberate profiteers are worse than ordinary criminals: they are traitors.

RUSSIA treats them as such, and, as Sir Stafford Cripps has pointed out, she cannot understand our leniency.

Nor can JOHN BULL, and we say again that the sabotage of the Black Markets can be dealt with effectively *only* by Scotland Yard, assisted by police detectives throughout the country.

The Yard should be empowered to form another "Special Branch"—a corps of specialists like the "G Men" in America—for the ruthless and swift and systematic hunting down of all war racketeers.

The big operators in the Black Markets are already known to the authorities. A dozen or more have been in "business" almost since the war began.

Some have criminal records. One at least is an ex-convict. All have amassed large fortunes.

Why are they not arrested? Why *were* they not arrested long ago? It must be either because months have been wasted in preparing "cast-iron" cases against them or because they have kept technically inside the law.

If the law has loopholes big enough for clever profiteers to wriggle through them, then the law should be immediately changed to stop the gaps.

It is no credit to the drafters of the successive anti-profiteering regulations that so many of them can be, and are being, evaded with impunity.

More than two months ago Sir Philip Game, Metropolitan Police Commissioner, received an "S O S" from the Ministry of Food, the Board of Trade and other Government Departments for help in their fight against profiteering thieves and traitors.

The *fact* was that the Ministerial "private 'tecs" were finding the gangs too numerous, too clever, and too powerful to deal with; but, though Sir Philip was doubtless ready to do all he could, the job has not been handed over to Scotland Yard.

Nearly every kind of commodity is now rationed or in restricted supply or in some way controlled. The cleverest crooks in the country have been quick to snatch their profits out of these scarcities and limitations.

Whitehall pundits admit this, boast that most of the operators are known to them, and yet have the effrontery to talk about "the difficulty of getting sufficient evidence"! This is sheer nonsense; a fatuous excuse for rank inefficiency and badly drafted regulations.

Only the other day Ronald Cash, hosiery merchant, of Dollis Hill, was sentenced at the Old Bailey to nine months' imprisonment for supplying controlled goods in contravention of the Limitation of Supplies Order.

These goods included a great number of stockings, and the total amount involved exceeded £100,000! We wonder how long Cash had been cashing in before he was caught—and what happened to his profits.

JOHN BULL maintains that there can be no proper *minimum* penalty for deliberate profiteering except imprisonment *and* confiscation of profits.

AT Woking recently a firm of wholesale chemists and its directors were found to have sold controlled goods enormously in excess of restrictions. A moribund company had been bought up so that its quota could be improperly used.

In eighteen months' trading from January, 1939, to June, 1940, there had been a turnover of roughly £120,000, and thousands of pounds had been made in illicit profits.

Fines totalling £5,775 were imposed on he 40 summonses involved, and *so ended a case which began two years ago!*

JOHN BULL finds no comfort in the knowledge that courts *can* now impose fines, with or without imprisonment, up to three times the value of the goods involved in the charges.

The fact is that these maximum penalties are seldom enforced, and that even a triple fine on one set of transactions may do no more than skim the cream off the sour milk of innumerable previous offences.

We want to see all forms of Black Market deals branded as criminal; the dirty traffic in quotas as well as the direct sale of rationed goods without coupons; the deliberate cornering of unrationed goods in short supply (as in the case of the whisky racket) no less than the cruel business of worthless substitutes.

And we demand that the convicted profiteer be not only punished but put out of business for the duration.

One of a Hundred Thousand

THIS is a story of a man whom nobody wants—even in war time.

He is one of our 100,000 unemployed.

He is forty-two, a skilled engineer. Yet his job is drawing the dole.

No doubt you have read what our Soviet trade union visitors have said—that if we have reached an end of our skilled labour we should engage more women in the war factories.

But have we reached the end of it?

★ ★ ★

Read this plain, simple story of one man's efforts to serve his country—every fact in which can be proved to the satisfaction of any Government Department. Then decide for yourself.

He lives in Yorkshire.

The early months of war found him unemployed, and wondering why chefs, valets, clerks were being turned into engineers when there was no work for such as he.

Then came the sudden realisation that our war industries were starving for skilled men.

The Government ordered that every man not in engineering, but with engineering experience, should register.

This good Yorkshireman took heart. He had served his apprenticeship as an engineer. He had been a skilled engineer in 1924, when the Great Depression broke.

Then, like thousands of other skilled engineers, he turned to other work.

His new job was woodwork machinery making, which most people would call engineering. He was doing that work in 1939, key date in the compulsory registration scheme.

So he registered.

Months passed. He was not asked for.

He got out his engineering references—excellent references. The firm to which he had been apprenticed wrote proudly: "A lad trained here has to start a job *and* finish it."

He was still not wanted.

There was talk of training factory workers to defend their own premises.

That cheered him up. He had done four years' war service, thought that would help.

It didn't.

★ ★ ★

He turned to the Army, desperate to do something useful in war time. But the Royal Engineers wouldn't look at him.

They said he "might try as a clerk."

Next he tried to join the Police Auxiliary service.

He was measured. Ah, one inch too short!

He volunteered for a training centre. Naturally, he came out at the head of his course.

There were Admiralty engineering jobs going in his town, and his name was put forward.

They didn't want the man who was head of his class.

★ ★ ★

Back to the training centre for a time—and then a chance for a job miles away, that meant leaving wife and two children behind.

So after two years at war, he had a job.

He did the work excellently. We have the reference the firm has given him. It is a glowing one.

But some *blitzed* machinery fell on him. It did not impair him as a workman, but the doctor said lodgings were not the right surroundings for him—he would need a wife's care for a time.

He was released for work in his own town—which his firm, knowing his capabilities, thought would be instantly forthcoming.

They are frantic for engineers in that town. But he hasn't a chance.

He is back again in the dole queue, just signing on.

He is just one in our 100,000 unemployed.

The only one of his kind?

We very much doubt it!

Open Letters

★

Rt. Hon. Sir ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR, M.P.
Secretary of State for Air

DEAR SIR,—Singapore, Burma and all our earlier defeats shriek aloud the same lesson.

We must have more and more air power.

Whatever the cost, a bigger and better R.A.F. superiority must be built up on every fighting front.

Rush the 'planes to our remaining strongholds! Send them across while there is yet time to save our World Front from being split into fragments!

Pool the Allied strength. Co-operate with all the twenty-six United Nations.

Co-ordinate your blows with those of the Navy and Army. Share your plans with the Admiralty and War Office.

Insist on using your fine men and first-rate machines to their fullest advantage!

You may have to change your long-range bombing policy. Never mind that.

Better that Berliners should be given a few more quiet nights than that our troops in the East should be starved of air support and our supply ships sent to the bottom by U-boats.

Last year we were treated to glib promises. This year we want performance and results.

You have told us often enough that bombing will eventually bring Germany to her knees. But we want a bombing campaign that will weaken Germany now—not ten years hence.

Bomb hard. Bomb the right places. Bomb systematically.

Neutral observers report that our rare attacks on Berlin have done little to shake Nazi morale.

So let us wait until the German front begins to crack and then launch a heavy, sustained campaign against the German capital.

Meanwhile, we should blast the might of Hitlerism at its source.

Bomb the tank depots and aircraft factories.

Above all, concentrate on smashing the U-boat menace.

Fleets of bombers should shatter the submarine bases and the yards where they are built.

Hundreds of bombers should be diverted to exterminate the U-boats as they creep through the world's seas.

For shipping presents our Number One Problem.

Solve it, and you will get the chance to "finish Germany off" by an orthodox bombing offensive.

But not unless.

Here, then, are your chief and immediate tasks:

Prevent the Japanese from hurling us out of the Pacific. Prevent the Germans from weakening us in the Atlantic and the Mediterranean.

You can do it. You need have no inferiority complex.

The R.A.F. won the Battle of Britain not only with its fighters but with its Bomber Command and the silent, intrepid lads of Coastal Command.

It has proved its accuracy in damaging the enemy's military and naval centres. Its courage has become proverbial.

So insist on employing it for all it is worth. Badger Lord Beaverbrook for more weapons. Hurl bombs and torpedoes against the enemy wherever he may be.

It is up to you to stop the rot in our far-flung battle positions.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. HERBERT MORRISON, M.P.,
Minister of Home Security

DEAR SIR,—More than a year has passed since the air raids began. Yet only now have you issued that instruction for householders to put two pails of water on their doorsteps.

And it didn't occur to you, apparently, to ask the Board of Trade and the Ministry of Supply if pails could be bought for the purpose. The answer, you would have learned, is "No."

You appear to me as a typical Whitehall Blimp—far too slow and far too self-contained.—JOHN BULL.

General Sir WALTER VENNING,
Quartermaster-General

DEAR GENERAL,—Let me draw your attention to another aspect of the R.A.O.C. controversy that has aroused taunts of "desk warriors."

In one great R.A.O.C. clothing depot both soldiers and civilians are engaged. I am told that many of the civilian employees are content to "leave the work to the Army."

They are provided with proper wash-basins and a canteen; the soldiers wash under a tap jutting out from a wooden trough, and are fed from outdoor vens.

As the troops have to spend hours at night polishing their equipment for guard mounting—and even packing their respirators with cardboard to make them look tidy—the "desk warriors'" sneers do not amuse them.—JOHN BULL.

Sir JAMES MILNE,
General Manager, G.W.R.

DEAR SIR,—Have you spent the night lately on Swindon station? You would have found Servicemen huddled on the floor of the waiting-room—waiting three or four hours for train connections.

But the room is small, and the unlucky ones would be pacing up and down the platform in a temperature below zero.

You, of course, would have allowed them to wait in the buffet out of the cold. In the daytime you might even have allowed the booking clerks to issue tickets so that soldiers might get a sandwich on the platform, instead of opening the booking-office only just before the train is due.—JOHN BULL.

Sir C. WILFRID EADY,
Board of Customs and Excise

DEAR CHAIRMAN,—Your excess profits may be good for the State, but they press hard on the individual.

You still make small innkeepers pay their pre-war spirits licence—it may be £12 or £20 a year—though they cannot now get enough spirits to sell to meet that cost.

Some are so badly hit that they are being allowed to draw unemployment benefit!—JOHN BULL.

FIRE COMMANDER,
Doncaster

DEAR SIR,—I must warn you that there is grave disquiet among your men.

After twenty-one years' service an officer has been charged with neglect of duty and reduced in rank.

He did not carry out the new Fire Service orders when attending a fire, but I am told that he was not made aware of those orders until six days later.

You would be wise to make it clear that he has not been punished for someone else's blunder.—JOHN BULL.

M. MAISKY,
Soviet Ambassador

DEAR AMBASSADOR,—To every Russian soldier fighting so gallantly against Hitler, February 23 is a birthday more important than his own.

On that day, in 1918, the Council of People's Commissars brought the Red Army into being.

This year, when that great Army stands out as one of the biggest hopes for a decent future, it will be unable to celebrate the occasion.

It will be too busy pushing back the Hun.

But you are observing it with a birthday party at your embassy. Mere dozens will attend, but millions will be with you in heart. So—happy birthday!—JOHN BULL.

Sir W. WILSON JAMESON,
Chief Medical Officer, Ministry of Health

DEAR SIR,—Every employer in Britain should be compelled to heed the report you have issued on industrial conditions.

It offers a wealth of proof that hours of work should not exceed 60 to 65 a week for men and 55 to 60 for women; and it shows that sickness and absenteeism increase if longer hours are maintained.

Of course, the discovery is not new. We learned by experience in the last war that excessive hours are uneconomic in the long run—to say nothing of the hardship they entail.—JOHN BULL.

The CORPORATION,
Birkenhead

GENTLEMEN,—Allow me to give you two items of news. Firstly, we are at war. Secondly, we need waste paper for conversion into munitions.

I judge that you are unaware of these facts, because of the complaint of an Oxton reader whose waste paper has been collected only four times since war began, and then only after telephoning your offices

I think I shall have to tell Lord Beaverbrook about you.—JOHN BULL.

The New Brand of Tyranny

ARGUE IT OUT
By Faith

ONCE upon a time—and this is not a fairy story—shopping was a simple and, in a way, pleasant task.

The only problems housewives had to solve, apart from the ever-present one in some homes of balancing the slender budget, were such things as what should the Sunday joint be—beef, veal, mutton, lamb?—or whether breakfast should be grilled sausages or poached eggs.

A telephone was a supply centre then with lines leading to the fishmonger, the butcher, the grocer, the greengrocer.

At the end of those lines were courteous assistants whose civility and anxiety to please were apparently inexhaustible.

★ ★ ★

To-day the rôles are reversed. The shopper is the supplicant, at the mercy of the new tyranny. To make a poor parody of Kipling:

It was "Madame this" and "Madame that"
When shops were out to sell.
But it's "We don't care a tinker's ——"
Since the ration axes fell.

This may be a harsh judgment, and hardly fair to the shopkeepers. Their worries are legion. They are victims, to some extent, of bureaucratic control. They spend a good deal of time filling in forms, checking coupons, and wriggling free of the octopus of Red Tape.

Their supplies are erratic. Food Ministry Orders are sometimes vague and irritating. Staffing problems are difficult. Overheads increase.

★ ★ ★

And above all they have to deal with a few women whose idea of shopping is to sweep arrogantly into stores and demand supplies; women who try to crash the queues; and women who complain bitterly whatever the treatment they receive.

Yes, these are trying days for the shopkeeper. But they're also trying days for the shopper, especially the women who have little children with them and women who can spare only a limited time from war work to obtain supplies.

And the lack of civility on the part of the new tyrants, those assistants, raw and untrained, who have appeared behind the counters in great numbers, is the most trying of all.

That "little brief authority" and its dangers can be seen to-day in the majority of shops. And those practising it are mainly shallow, stupid girls.

★ ★ ★

Tradesmen themselves are, on the whole, helpful and sympathetic. They have their businesses to think about; and they must look ahead to the days when Mrs. Everyman will be "Madame" again and free to shop where she will.

But some of the rude, hostile girls behind their counters are merely taking advantage of war time conditions.

The majority of them are slow and clumsy. Those faults are forgivable.

But discourtesy, incivility, rudeness are not. Those girls who delight in adding to the troubles of shoppers would change their attitude if they had to worry about running a home.

The number of hours wasted by the wives of this country in visiting shops is stupendous. The weary, tiring business is a terrible drain on a woman's vitality.

But there will be a reckoning. And I know many women—and not a few men—who hope the reckoning will be soon.

Stormoviks play havoc with tanks, too, but they're almost old-fashioned compared with Stalin's new 'plane

Russia is Using a Flying Tank!

—and its performance has given Hitler one of the biggest of the shocks Stalin had waiting for him. A deadly tank-buster, its armour can be pierced only by heavy A.A. shells—and every gunner knows how remote are the chances of hitting a low-flying plane with the big guns!

By JOHN CASHEL

FLYING TANKS, the first dive-gunners, are revolutionising 'plane *v.* tank warfare.

They provide one of the most vital lessons we can learn from our great ally, Russia.

Russia is fighting a war against machines on the eastern front.

We are fighting a war against machines in Libya.

But whereas we have not as yet produced a weapon that can be described as a deadly menace to the tank, the Russians have.

Their Flying Tanks are Stalin's "secret weapon"—and the secret has been well kept behind the Russian battlefields.

Not till the Red Armies swung round in counter-offensive did the surprise appearance of these panzer 'planes come as a bolt from the blue.

Now, Hitler's outwitted aircraft designers are racing to copy them. His armourers, meanwhile, are at their wits' end to improvise immediate extra protection for his tanks where they now most need it.

Armour is weakest on top of a tank, where a dive-gunner can easily hit it.

Well Informed

Britain's War Office and Air Ministry, jointly concerned with Army Co-operation aircraft, may learn the lesson if they wish, for they are represented on the Military Mission in Moscow, which the Soviet keeps well informed of Red Army developments and tactics.

This latest air wonder was Stalin's own idea, and Soviet sources describe it as the Stalin anti-tank armoured 'plane.

They have, so far, mentioned it only briefly, but they make these claims:

Its designer, Ilyushin, has protected it with armour so powerful that machine-gun bullets, anti-tank guns, and the heaviest tank cannon cannot pierce it.

Only heavy anti-aircraft shells can knock it out—and every ack-ack gunner knows how remote is the chance of hitting a low-flying 'plane with these!

Though the most heavily armoured thing in the air, it is comparatively light and mobile.

It can attack from below 500 ft., which puts it out of effective reach of slower-diving Nazi pursuit 'planes.

It is armed with a gun that can pierce the armour of any tank.

The pilot can take accurate aim with this gun at individual tanks—an improvement on dropping bombs among a number of them on the chance of securing a direct hit or a damaging near-miss.

Partial admission of Russian claims for their new machine comes from the Nazis themselves: "We have pumped enormous numbers of machine-gun bullets into it," they say, "without firing it or bringing it down."

A Near Relation

This Flying Tank must not be confused with its near relation, the Red Army's Stormovik dive-bomber, whose chief armament is a new armour-piercing projectile known to German soldiers as the "mad torpedo" or the "black death."

Flying Tank and Stormovik are officially credited with the destruction of a large percentage of German tanks—the first large-scale claim that tanks have been effectively knocked out from the air.

It is an achievement that should alter the generally held military belief that tanks can only be knocked out by bigger and better tanks.

It may, combined with experience in Libya, give Britain's Armies dive-gunners and dive-bombers instead of fighters.

But if we have learned the lesson, we have not yet had time to profit by it, for our 'planes in Libya are Hurricanes, Hurri-bombers, Tomahawks, which failed to step into the breach when Rommel's six-pounder tank guns proved too much for Britain's two-pounders.

With continuous air superiority, the fighter pilots, after many weeks, found Rommel's tanks still there.

It is, in fact, clear that, apart from ground grenades and traps, direct aim from a powerful cannon has so far proved to be the only reliable "tank-busting" weapon.

German Admissions

How powerful must such cannon be?

Some surprising revelations are made by the Red Army tank expert, Captain B. Konstantinov. He quotes a captured German High Command document, which states:

"An attack on Russian heavy tanks from a 75 millimetre (3-in. calibre) gun is useless. Fire from the 47 mm. and 50 mm. (2-in.) anti-tank gun and the 88 mm. (3½-in.) A.A. gun is effective only if armour-piercing grenades are used, and then only in the most favourable circumstances."

He quotes a second captured order in which the Germans confess that their tank guns cannot destroy Russian heavy tanks, and reveal that they have had to transfer the task to infantry shock troops.

Any lesson here for beating Rommel's six-pounders?

As the two-pounder (2-in. calibre) guns of the Valentines and Matildas cannot do it, what chance have the Hurricanes, with their ½-lb.-3-in. cannon shells, or the Tomahawks, which, incidentally, in their American version had 1½-in. cannon?

I brought these facts to the notice of a military authority, and asked him: "What lessons are *we* learning from Russia?"

We Need Them, Too

He agreed that the outstanding one seemed to be the Flying Tank.

"If this new weapon," he said, "is what the Russians claim for it—and they have shown themselves more inclined to understate than exaggerate—then we can certainly do with something like it."

Presumably its anti-tank cannon is of large calibre, firing an explosive armour-piercing shell.

It ranks in novelty with the Russian innovations of parachute troops and anti-tank fighting with grenades, which emanated from the Molotov cocktail, first used by Soviet supporters on the Republican side in the Spanish civil war.

That is a lesson we *have* learned—and learned so well, said my military friend, that to-day we use not only the improved Molotov, but have further improved on it with the S.I.P. bomb and the Thermos bomb.

The self-igniting phosphorus in the S.I.P. goes on burning a long while after the bottle breaks on hitting a tank. The Thermos is shot out of a projector, sticks to the tank, and explodes.

We have profited, too, from studying the guerilla methods of Russian partisans, whose tactics are being taught to our own Home Guard. The Home Guard, too, is studying hard the lessons of night warfare, developed by the Red Army on an enormous scale.

I mentioned to my military friend that while the Red Army has few armed women in its ranks, the Soviet encourages women to fight as guerillas, and trained girls in Moscow and Leningrad to throw grenades and handle rifles and machine-guns when those cities were menaced, and pointed out that 75 per cent. of the work on Moscow's fortifications during the critical days was done by women.

Any lessons there?

We were already, he replied, letting women do almost anything in the Army except "pull the trigger."

There was no reason why they should not, were it considered necessary, learn the guerilla art of grenade-throwing.

They Can Fight

"Is there any international Convention," I asked, "to bar women from fighting in uniform?"

"That's a bit of a poser," he said. "Let's find out."

The Foreign Office supplied the answer.

No international law bars women from being armed and used as fighters. The Hague Convention says combatants must be in uniform, but makes no mention of sex.

So an armed woman in uniform, if taken prisoner, would be entitled to the same protective treatment from an enemy as a male soldier.

HANDFULS WILL BUILD FLEETS

TWO soldiers' wives in Essex went out on a scrounge for salvage.

They wheedled a water-tower out of a farmer. They persuaded a railway company that it didn't really want an old locomotive turntable.

They got ancient mariners to hand over some old barges. They talked heaven knows how many housewives into parting with iron bedsteads.

The Ministry of Works hasn't been as lucky with some of the people it has approached.

One man turned up at its offices with a revolver, announced he was going to shoot anybody who tried to salvage anything *he* owned.

Another man had wired his front gate to his electric mains—was ready to throw over the switch the moment anybody appeared to claim the gate for munitions.

* * *

Such things happen when you look to the general mass of people to help you to beat Adolf Hitler.

But it is important to remember that the people with turntables or water-towers to give away, or the people who have revolvers with which to threaten salvage-hunters, are few.

It is to the people who say "I haven't got anything worth giving" that our soldiers, sailors and airmen look for the raw supplies that make their munitions.

There are millions of them. Their mere handfuls of salvage will build a fleet while the others are supplying sufficient to make a corvette.

This is what a few of our readers are doing:

"I steeled my heart and tore the paper out of my school prize-books. I am keeping the covers as a record of my successes."

"I've handed over my hot-water bottle. Even without it I can keep warmer than our lads in Iceland or the Shetlands."

* * *

"The Penrith Tin Company of Cornwall gave me two ingots of tin some years ago. I have used them as paper-weights. When war came, somebody told me 'They might become valuable.' The loss of Pacific tin mines *has* made them valuable. But I don't want money for them.

'Our lads fight for two bob a day. Why should I drive hard bargains?"

And "Who wants my golf clubs? The country wants munitions more than I want a game."

Yes, *you*, with the little bit of paper, steel, iron, rubber or tin that you don't think worth handing over, are the real key to the situation.

You will help us to deal with the new crisis resulting from the loss of great supply centres to the treacherous Japs.

So out with all the salvage you've got—even if it only fills a bootbox.

SLEEPERS AWA

In this clarion call our sage and far-seeing contributor declares bluntly that the people cannot awake until the clamps are taken off their limbs. The men who lead us must change their methods and set the pace.

By A. G. GARDINER

WE are at the crisis of our fate. The coming Spring and summer will decide whether life on this planet is ever going to be worth living again, or whether the human spirit is to be quenched for ever under a glacial age of barbarism.

By this I do not mean that the next six months will end the war. I mean that what is done in that time will decide what that end will be.

It is at this moment that a stern warning and appeal sounds in our ears. "Sleepers, Awake!"

It is made to you, to me, to every one of us. We must hear it and act on it lest we perish.

It comes from the wastes of Russia, across shambles that Hitler has made of Europe. There, Sir Stafford Cripps has seen the Total War of the enemy met, held and thrust back by the Total War of the first continental people that has resisted him in his own totalitarian spirit.

One by one he has overrun and enslaved the rest. Here, at last, he has met a foe prepared to suffer all, lose all, and die to the last man and the last woman rather than yield, and so pointing the way, the only way, to certain victory.

* * *

And thrilled by this terrific spectacle of a nation fired to a white heat of universal sacrifice, Sir Stafford has returned to see how his own people are meeting the same desperate challenge. And the contrast shocks and disquiets him.

HE SEES NOTHING OF THE ALL-CONSUMING URGENCY OF THE SENSE OF IMMINENT PERIL, OF THE SINGLENESS OF DEVOTION AND AIM THAT HE HAS LEFT BEHIND IN THE RUSSIAN INFERNO.

There, everything is flung into the furnace of the war. Nothing counts in the scales against the tyrannic will to victory.

Human life is nothing. Treasure is nothing. Personal claims are nothing. Cities are nothing. The salvation of the soul of Russia is everything.

But here in the third year of the war we are still stumbling along as if the meaning of totalitarian war had not yet dawned on us. We are not welded into a single bolt of power. The inspiration of a unifying motive is lacking.

We are impeded by competitive interests. The chains of old custom hamper us. The rival claims of parties and personalities override the imperious necessities of action.

We do not do the thing that is urgent and best lest this man should be offended or that sectional interest should take the huff.

We have not realised that it is the nation that is at war—the whole nation, and nothing but the nation.

* * *

It is not in the Fighting Services that the mischief lies. Our soldiers, our airmen, our seamen are fighting with as glorious a heroism as they ever did or as men can.

No day passes without its tale of sublime bravery and sacrifice that brings tears of pride and reverence to the eyes.

Nor is it the spirit of the people that is wanting. They have shown in a score of wrecked cities that they can "take it" without flinching.

They were the rock on which Hitler's war by terrorism was first shattered.

If the terrible ordeal of invasion fell upon them they would, I believe, be no less resolute than the Russians.

BUT THE EVIL, NEVERTHELESS, IS ON THE HOME FRONT. NOT IN THE PEOPLE, BUT IN THE SYSTEM. WE ARE WAGING TOTALITARIAN WAR WITH METHODS SUITABLE TO PEACE, BUT DISASTROUS IN THIS TITANIC STRUGGLE OF NATIONS.

* * *

Take one question, that of wages. Labour relations are on the whole admirable. Of all the great services we owe to Mr. Churchill, none has been more fruitful than the instancy with which he harnessed labour into his team.

But there has been no stern, drastic wages policy. And the sudden famine in labour has led to disastrous competition for hands regardless of the needs of the war.

Clerks in Bristol and Birmingham get what they ask. The bricklayer's labourer admitted in court that he was getting £12 a week. "His bricklayer was, of course, getting more."

Boys of fifteen earning £5 a week for carrying round tea in the works; married women declining to work because of high taxation; men kept on in sinecure occupations because under the fatal percentage on costings system the employer profits by high costings—these are the evil fruits of the wages chaos.

SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS—"After Mr. Churchill he is the ablest public man of the time"

It substitutes for the imperious motive of disinterested service the idea that the war is something to make money out of.

And linked with this wages chaos is the notorious failure in war production. Responsible men know we are still not producing more than half of what we could easily produce. Scotland not more than a fifth.

Grave bottle-necks remain neglected. The wrong things are produced.

Whether Lord Beaverbrook is the man to bring order out of this chaos remains to be seen. I hope he is. But I wish I could feel more confident on the point.

* * *

The same vice of inco-ordination palsies action in other fields. Authority is split up amongst the Ministry of Supply, the Admiralty, the Board of Trade, and the Ministry of Aircraft Production. The result is that it is well-nigh impossible to get a scheme in action or anything done.

So has it been with production. So is it with A.R.P., with transport, even with labour. It is still nobody's job in any Government Department to see that any concern is fully employed.

Again, our shocking tolerance of failure. A man makes a mess of his job. He is not dismissed as the authors of Pearl Harbour have been. He is appointed to a higher post.

When the Foreign Minister ten years ago turned down League action in Manchuria, he said: "However we handle this matter I do not intend my own country to get in trouble about it."

They Gamble O

AMONG the worst evils of war is the fact that, when it ends, there are millions more married couples than there are homes for them to occupy.

Some have to live with relatives. Many more choose to go into rooms or ill-furnished flats costing two, three times more than the home of their dreams.

* * *

Houses get flung up as fast as human hands can work—and at length the shortage is overtaken.

But they are not dream-houses. Fifty per cent. are abominations. Another 30 per cent. are merely tolerable.

They are not built where people want to live, because the land speculators make that impossible.

So the occupant either groans under the burden of a high rent forced on him by land profiteering or is compelled to pay far more in daily travel than he can afford.

All this happened last time, when the destruction of civilian property was small in comparison with the present war.

It will happen again, unless the Government about it.

And, to the cre ment, it *is* about it.

Wisely, it has be planning out of Ministry of Healt been something affair, and create Authority solely re

That authority of Works and Ministry of Wor under a new nam

And the Ministe already announc show he is fully post-war housing that he is going meet them.

* *

We have no plans. They re and able scheme man. If we had after the last have been vastly

This is progres

And yet no m the most import

The land spec

KE!

How does that look to-day, with Japan triumphant over the whole Pacific? Some "trouble." And the author of the remark is now Lord Chancellor.

IT IS, I REPEAT, THE ORGANISATION OF THE HOME FRONT THAT MUST BE RADICALLY AND RUTHLESSLY TRANSFORMED IF WE ARE TO GET SOMETHING OF THAT IMPETUS AND TOTALITARIAN SPIRIT WHICH HAS WORKED SUCH MIRACLES IN RUSSIA.

It is not our people who are wanting in fervour and the passionate desire to do their utmost. The fault is with the system which squanders their power, breaks up their sense of solidarity and high purpose, and encourages the pursuit of selfish advantages.

* * *

What is to be done? It is not enough to cry "Sleepers, Awake!" The clamps must be taken off their limbs. Their activities must be released.

They must be made to feel that this is their war, that all sink or swim together, that they are all comrades in the crusade to save their country and the world from the greatest peril that ever threatened humanity.

This points to the urgency of a new leadership of the Home Front. And that leadership should be obvious.

After the towering figure of Mr. Churchill himself, Sir Stafford Cripps is by common consent the ablest public man and the best Parliamentarian of the time.

He brings with him from Russia a priceless experience of the needs of totalitarian war.

In a time conspicuous for the impoverishment of our public life he is the greatest unused asset at our command.

His task is marked out for him. Let him go to it. And at once.

...r Homes Away

...does something

... of the Govern... ...ing something

... decided to take ...e hands of the ... to which it has ... of a part-time ...Central Planning ...onsible for it. ...ll be the Ministry ...Planning — the ... and Buildings

... Lord Reith, has ... plans which ...ve to what our ...eds will be, and ... do his best to

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...rrel with those ...sent the sound ... sound and able ... such a scheme ... things would ...fferent. ...ndeed. ...ion is made of ... factor of all. ...ors are left in a position to scotch our best efforts to provide millions of homes for the people.

Just before the war broke out, the £2,000,000 scheme to provide sports fields for the youth of Britain was all but wrecked because land gamblers were sticking out for ruinous prices.

What hope will there be for a national rehousing scheme requiring ten thousand times more land, unless these Shylocks are controlled?

* * *

All over Britain, at this very moment, land values are rising against the tenant farmer.

One, whose farm is worth £400, has to buy it for £2,000 or get out.

Thousands of land speculators are waiting for the boys to come home so that they can wax fat.

The result, once again, will be impossible rents—or impossible daily travel rates.

So we say: Lord Reith's plan will look excellent—when he is given power to subject private interest to the public needs.

Otherwise, his months of hard work to formulate his scheme will be wasted.

"The air victories over the paddy fields of Burma may well prove comparable with those over the hop fields of Kent in the Battle of Britain."—Mr. Churchill's message to Rangoon.

*

TO-DAY it is Burma's proud boast that she has taken a relatively heavier toll of the enemy per raid than Britain and Russia combined.

If this stout resistance is a guide to the quality of the defence Japan has yet to meet west of the Salween river, Tokio's anxiety about the future is not hard to understand, for unless she can cut and dominate the Burma road all her other victories will be merely Dead Sea fruit.

"They fear no man and will die for a principle"

Burmese Shocks for the Japs

By VIVIEN MEIK

Mixed Defenders

Defending Burma are Europeans, Indians, Americans, Anzacs, Chinese, a variety of other Mongol races, Eurasians, Malays and, of course, the Burmese, who are, perhaps, the least known of all Orientals in the outer world.

I have often wondered why we have not heard more of their country, for I have yet to meet the European who has lived there and who does not want to return. To all of them the land has a peculiar quality they can only describe as "happy."

Political troubles are almost unknown, living is easy and leisure plentiful. There is neither caste prejudice nor colour bar. Children of Burmese mothers by European fathers are acknowledged and given full scope in any field of endeavour. Many bear names of famous Empire builders and hold high office.

In many ways Burma is unique. Some of its customs seem almost fantastic to Western eyes, but they all have a strange fascination of their own.

To the materialistic West—and to many of the avaricious races elsewhere—the manner in which the Burmese ignore the pursuit of the wealth in their garden land may seem unwise in these days, but the fact remains.

Whatever gold comes their way they beat into the roof of the famous Shwedagon Pagoda in Rangoon, and which, on account of its estimated value of £30,000,000 (in pure gold), has become one of the world's wonders.

Afraid of No Man

They regard this struggle for money as an exhaustion of the finer emotions, but, nevertheless, the moment any foreigner tries to take advantage of the individual rights and liberties of the native, big trouble develops. The Burmese are afraid of no man and will die for a principle without hesitation.

That is what 15,000,000 of them have united to offer their much-loved "great white King beyond the seas" to-day.

Because they do not like being regimented there are no exclusively Burmese regiments in the Indian army—the Burma Rifles are so named for another reason—but their guerilla fighting abilities rank high.

This is specially the case in frontier districts such as the wild Shan and Karen States, as the Japs have already learned to their cost.

In the course of centuries the Burmese have developed a culture of their own. Modern education is spreading fast, but old customs and traditions are jealously guarded, and the lore of their old wise men of ancient times is passed verbally from generation to generation.

Some of this knowledge is remarkable. One instance is the superlative ability of even the most ignorant village women, miles off the beaten track, to set bones and ease dislocated joints or torn ligaments. I have seen Western surgeons marvel more than once at the skill displayed.

They are Matriarchs

Burmese society (in the wide sense of the word) is matriarchal. The mere male hardly matters beside his mother. An unwritten law also exists which insists that married couples must pay special respect to their mothers-in-law.

The Burmese are Buddhists, like the Chinese, and their philosophy is the simplest in the world. Marriage consists of joining hands before friends, while the reverse constitutes divorce.

Oddly enough, in a land where the "owners" welcome all foreigners, the Japs have never been able to make friends.

All those Burmese who can, have taken up arms, but the agricultural millions are redoubling their efforts to increase the output of rice, teak (the hardest and most generally valuable timber in existence) and oil, for they realise that, when all is said and done, the Allied forces in Burma have in the last resort to rely on the Burmese both for food and transport.

Though the paddy fields which grow the rice are being cultivated as never before, all is ready for the "scorching" of these waterlogged regions, if needed. Japan wants Burmese rice as much as she wants anything.

When Moulmein, the port of the teak forests, fell to the Japs, the Burmese put hundreds of the trained elephants used for stacking and loading the timber to the work of destroying the saw mills, factories and other facilities.

An Elephant Corps?

Observers have reported that they have been amazed at the intelligence and efficiency with which the elephants completed the job. Thousands of men and many tanks would have been required to do what they did in the time.

Burmese elephants, too, are doing magnificent work in the transport of guns and other "heavy stuff" through dense jungle and across swollen rivers which could not be traversed otherwise without an army of road-building engineers and the waste of much time.

So surprising and satisfactory has been the work of these mammoths, that the formation of an elephant corps is being favourably considered. The last time they were officially used in a British force was during Lord Napier's advance into Abyssinia about 70 years ago.

I have stressed that it is an integral part of the Jap war plan to take Burma, but till now they have only met the least of their difficulties.

The Salween river is the advanced first natural barrier across the road to Rangoon.

West are the dense forests of the "Red" Karen tribes, than whom there are no fiercer jungle fighters.

Rivers and Mountains

Beyond the forests is the broad and swift Sitang river with more jungles, and the Pegu mountains forming yet another range of barriers.

Only when and if they surmount these obstacles will they be within sight of Rangoon, and you can take General Wavell's word for it that every yard of the way will be stubbornly defended.

The toughest of Chiang-Kai-shek's armies are pouring down the road from Mandalay to the help of their brother Burmans, and in that Eden of strange affinities it is not only the need to save this road that inspires Chiang's men.

As the torrent of guns, planes and men—from U.S.A., England, India—develops into a seething tidal wave, the happy, confident smiles of the Burmese grow more expansive.

No race in the world smiles oftener or more sincerely—but this time they smile because they know that those to whom Burma has given so much have remembered and will not desert her in her hour of need.

Fifteen million Burmese have united in their war effort, and it will not be their fault if their Eden does not become the melting-pot for the ruthless ambitions of the Huns of the Orient.

DON'T GIVE UP THE PAPER CHASE!

WHY YOU CAN'T BUY FISH

DESPITE all the different regulations which have been introduced by the Ministry of Food since JOHN BULL first drew attention to the scandals surrounding prices and distribution of fish there is still great discontent in the industry.

This is mainly due to two reasons—the failure of retailers to obtain sufficient or equitable supplies, and the fact that the ordinary housewife mostly finds it impossible to buy fish with which to eke out her family rations.

There is a scarcity of fish, true, just now. But the regulations at present in force are not strong enough to cope with the general situation, and, while shops get little or nothing to sell, hotels, restaurants and other catering establishments seem to be able to maintain abundant supplies.

No Ministry Control

If you are interested enough to go to the Ministry of Food and ask pointed questions about these things, you are told that at present the Ministry can do nothing to stop such inequality of supply unless evidence can be obtained that higher prices are being charged than those laid down by Price Control.

Many people think that the fish industry is controlled by the Ministry. This is not so at all. Regulations which came into force about a year ago restrict the prices chargeable by wholesalers and retailers, but do not enable the Ministry to take any real part in the actual distribution of fish once it has been landed.

Distribution, unfortunately, remains primarily in the hands of the trawler owners and the port and market wholesalers.

Even Mr. John Adamson, who was brought in some months ago by the Ministry to act as Director of Fish, is himself far from satisfied with the way the industry has been run since controlled prices were introduced.

From investigations made by a member of my department, I am satisfied that there is deliberate sabotage on the part of certain fish merchants and wholesalers who strive to obtain as much profit as they can from their trade despite the regulations to which I have referred.

Favoured Customers

Just how badly these regulations need amendment can be illustrated quite simply.

Wholesalers—who like retailers have to have a licence issued by the Ministry—can cut out retailers altogether and sell direct to preferential customers. The profit which the Ministry intended should go to the retailer is added to the price for which wholesalers sell the fish direct, and thus they reap a substantial added profit by one stroke.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mrs. E. Fraser, Garry Park, Glencraig, Fife, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. for details of a mean ramp worked on the poor.

Readers are invited to write about any scandal or grievance, and should mark envelopes "Public Benefactor."

Catching the fish is such a tough job these days that the racket of distribution and sale is all the more disgraceful

Sir Wyndham Childs' Comments

They sell to agents acting for hotels and restaurants, and do so in the knowledge that, as the law stands, nothing can stop them.

That is one main cause why your fishmonger's shop is nearly always bare.

But there are greedier wholesalers still. They are saboteurs who deliberately indulge in dishonest transactions in the belief that the chances of discovery are practically nil.

They invent "high price" rackets. Some agents in the employ of hotels and restaurants whose clients do not mind what they pay for meals that suit their tastes have become known in the trade as "buyers on the side." They provide testimonials of their secrecy, and agree to pay more than the controlled prices if their orders are fulfilled.

For example, a man working on commission for an hotel company running several establishments regularly pays as much as 25 per cent. "under the table" to wholesalers who have "direct" deals with him. In other words, he passes over secretly to the wholesaler £25 on every £100 involved.

The book entries made in connection with the transactions are based on the controlled prices, of course. The "gift" goes over in untraceable notes.

If you go to the officials at the Ministry of Food and ask them questions about this reprehensible sort of thing they tell you that they are quite aware that it is going on, but that it is so hard to get sufficient evidence to warrant a prosecution.

Considerable roguery goes on, too, concerning what are termed "slack sales." Boxes filled at the ports are supposed to contain so many stones of fish in weight, but they are packed so loosely, and often so soddened with water, that by the time they reach the retailer they are heavily underweight compared with the prices he has been charged for them.

Afraid to Complain

Retailers are so anxious to get supplies that they are generally afraid to complain because they know they stand the possibility of being boycotted from the markets altogether.

This "slack underweight" business has, during the last few weeks, engaged the attentions of a special staff of inspectors now engaged by the Ministry, and obviously constitutes a gross infringement of the maximum controlled prices Orders.

Latest pronouncement of the Food Ministry—unofficially—is that a special internal committee is now studying the whole position to see if the regulations can be strengthened to put a stop to the rackets.

The public is tired of committees. It wants a fair share of the fish available.

More Inequality

And drastic action needs to be taken quickly because bigger supplies of fish begin to come along in March. Unless something is done it will just mean more for the hotels and restaurants and privileged customers instead of equal distribution.

One suggestion under consideration is that the country should be divided into a number of "zones," each under the guidance of a special Ministry of Food Inspector. The object of these "zones" is to control distribution, make it more equitable, and reduce transport costs.

At present a merchant, for instance, in the most Northern port can despatch consignments to the most southern destination. If these "zones" come into force they will, as far as possible, be fed from the nearest port.

The inspector concerned will compile special "Priority" lists, ensuring that hospitals, nursing homes, canteens, factories, restaurants and kitchens run by local authorities are to be supplied first.

Hotels and restaurants will come next, and the public—as things stand at present—last!

Experts watching the ordinary fishmongers' interests are forboding that if fish shops have little to sell now, they'll have even less if this scheme comes in.

Writing on the Wall

The grasping side of the fish industry, however, is even more critical. Its members have been given far too many chances of intervening in past schemes introduced by the Ministry.

They read into the writing on the wall that the Ministry—which in my opinion has often listened far too much to the advice of people connected with the industry who have vital trade interests to consider—is at last going to take a real and direct hand in the actual distribution of fish.

This is just what is needed.

But if they are to be effective, the regulations which are now seriously under discussion must aim at a greater control of the industry from sea to table. They must give their inspectors far greater powers to curb the secret operations of racketeers.

Inspectors, if the circumstances warrant it, should be permitted in the ordinary course of their duties to demand to know where any special consignment of fish has been despatched by a wholesaler selling "direct."

They should be allowed, in the course of an inquiry into a suspected irregularity, to inspect the books of a wholesaler without previous warnings, and also those of the firms employing "buyers on the side."

Wibberley's One-Acre Conundrum

WHAT has happened to the famous "Wibberley Acre" experiment which, six weeks ago, brought fame to Tom Wibberley, Hertfordshire smallholder, in a night?

The scheme, which received considerable wireless and Press attention between January 1 and 15, was described as "promising to solve the problem of feeding Britain's 45,000,000 people without the use of as much as a rowing boat."

Among the many wondering what has happened to it are the people who, their ambitions fired by the remarkable claims for it, subscribed shilling entrance fees to become members of the "Wibberley Acre Association."

A JOHN BULL representative who visited the "magic acre" near Cheshunt, Herts, the other day—less than a month after one of Britain's foremost agricultural experts described it as "one of the most revolutionary, enlightening, important and epoch-making farming experiments of all time"—found a puzzling state of affairs.

★ ★ ★

The house was empty. It has since been sold.

A handyman was away ill. A neighbour was feeding the chickens, ducks, rabbits, pigs, and cow, hoping that Mr. Wibberley, whose whereabouts he did not know, would be returning to make adequate arrangements.

The callers included one man anxious to see the grape-vine referred to in Mr. Wibberley's "In Town To-night" broadcast, in which he said:

"I grew grapes in the conservatory I built on the acre. I dried the grapes in the oven, and these made excellent currants."

It is widely believed that a grape-vine will not yield in much less than seven years, and, as Mr. Wibberley took the acre over as recently as October, 1940, his intensive methods would naturally attract wide interest.

At least one member of Mr. Wibberley's staff is anxious to hear from him, because it will be difficult for her to get another job until she gets her insurance cards, and she believes—rightly or wrongly—that a pound's worth of stamps are due on them.

★ ★ ★

It is only six weeks ago that Mr. Wibberley entertained twenty-nine smallholders and other guests, including leading agricultural writers, to a lunch described as having been entirely yielded by his one acre.

There was artichoke soup, boiled gammon, boiled chicken, roast duck, boiled potatoes, sprouts, parsnips, carrots and swedes, rhubarb, wheaten biscuits, butter, celery, and "lashings of creamy milk."

And afterwards three hundred guests sat down to buttered potato-cakes, also home-produced.

All this after that one acre had maintained four people for a year.

It is no wonder that the B.B.C. announcer made his last words in a recent wireless interview of this remarkable smallholder:

"Is there no end to your ingenuity, Mr. Wibberley? Anyhow, you're doing your country and yourself a very good turn."

Mr. Tom Wibberley may, of course, plan to resume his experiment elsewhere. If so, there will be many with faith in his ingenuity to watch his work with interest.

STRANGER THAN FICTION

By WALDO KELLAR

LOST and FOUND

What I gained I lost;
What I saved I spent;
What I gave I have.

THIS, I believe, was an epitaph. Was it carved upon the tomb of a dead knight? I do not remember. But the meaning of the thing is deep and beautiful.

It says that possessions are nothing; that the gains and profits of the world are at the mercy of every trick of time and circumstance.

What you give away, alone, is permanently yours, because the pleasure of having given it must always be with you.

Life eats us up. We are all of us travelling with single tickets between the unconsciousness of birth and the mystery called death.

Every man rides fast, and alone. Yet people cling to the little things they manage to pick up on the way.

I have not wept since I was a little boy, but I came near to weeping then. The world had fallen flat.

When we happen to drop something which we managed to acquire, we speak of our Loss, but the fact is that no man loses anything: at the very worst, he returns something which has been lent to him for a little while.

I remember a strange and poignant incident connected with gain and loss.

Many years ago, when I was extremely poor, I had to pawn my only good suit of clothes. In order that I might be able to get it out easily, I had asked only £1 for it.

It was on one of those occasions when one needs a little money—just a very little money—very desperately indeed, and when there seems to be no way on earth of finding so much as 1s.

To be quite frank, I needed that £1 to buy food with. But about a month later the thing I needed most in the world was my suit, and I did not have the £1 with which to get it back.

So I had to work out a scheme involving something like financial jugglery.

I had already pawned a small cigarette-case for 10s. 6d. I knew that if I could retrieve this case I could sell it for £1. But I did not have 10s. 6d.

I EXAMINED all my possessions. I had about fifteen or twenty books, which I cleaned up carefully with a damp cloth and a piece of indiarubber and carried off to a bookseller, who gave me 7s. 6d. for them.

Then I had to find 3s. more. It sounds absurd, now; but I really did need that suit. Beyond a certain stage of shabbiness a man begins to lose confidence. And without decent clothes I could not hope to find a job; it was a vicious circle which I was trying hard to break.

So I robbed the gas-meter in the room in which I was living and got 2s. 9d. out of it. Will you believe it? I could not get hold of the last 3d. And then, by a fortunate flash of recollection, I remembered that I had—of all things—an opera hat.

I took it to a second-hand clothes dealer, who gave me 1s. 6d. for it. Then I rushed to the pawnshop and got out my cigarette-case; walked five miles to the house of the man who wanted to buy it, got the £1 he had offered to pay for it, almost ran back towards the place where I had pawned my suit, thinking of the feel of good clothes as a tired man thinks of a bath and a bed.

Now between Blandford Street and the Marylebone Road there is a little garden which, a hundred years ago, used to be a churchyard.

The tombstones of forgotten people line its walls. I walked slowly through this place, and stopped at the drinking-fountain to get a drink of water.

I stood there for perhaps two or three minutes and then walked briskly to the pawnshop; laid down the ticket, put my hand in my pocket—and found that I had lost the pound note!

I have not wept since I was a little boy, but I came near to weeping then. The world had fallen flat. Hope had departed. I had never felt such a weight of sodden misery. I dragged myself away from the place, and retraced my steps, looking in every gutter.

But I could not see my pound note. That was an exceedingly black day: a Friday.

Well . . . I survived. The proof of that is that I am still here.

Things got worse, and then they got better. In life, as in a dice game, one goes down, one picks up, and so it comes to pass that the end is often very like the beginning.

ABOUT three years later I happened to be in Baker Street with half an hour to kill, and so I walked along Paddington Street and through the little green garden to sit quietly for as long as it takes to smoke a cigarette.

A lot of old people and children frequent that place. The young ones run, the old ones sit. Near me there was sitting an ancient and very charming lady in a little black bonnet that looked as if it might have been made of tea-leaves. She began to talk.

She was more than seventy-five years old, she said, and her husband was eighty, and they had not spent a night away from each other for nearly sixty years. They had no children, and were very devoted to each other.

Times were hard, but they managed. They had never been in debt in their lives, except once. They lived on their pensions: God knows how frugally.

But their pride was great: they had never asked anybody for anything nor taken charity, and they had always had their own roof over their heads. But once they had been in debt, on account of illness.

They paid 8s. a week for the place they lived in. Their landlord must have been one of those bitter, businesslike, cold souls.

Once they found themselves owing three weeks' rent. I dare say the landlord wanted to get rid of them to make way for a better-paying tenant. He said that they must settle by the end of the week or go . . . The old lady went on in her thin voice:

"It was three years ago. Never, as long as I live, shall I forget that day, sir. It was on a Friday. I came here with my husband and we sat down to talk a bit in the sun.

"What were we to do? If we had to leave the old place it would have killed us. We're not quite so young as we once were. I'd die rather than go into the workhouse, and so would my husband.

"He tried to cheer me up. He said, 'Something is bound to happen, so don't you worry,' but I could see by his face that he didn't think anything could turn up, and I didn't myself, either.

"Well, we sat and sat, and in the end we got up to go, and as we were passing that drinking-fountain over there I trod on a piece of paper, and what do you think it was?"

I said, "I will tell you what it was. It was a very crumpled pound note."

THE old lady stared at me.

"Well, now, how did you guess that?" she asked. "So it was, and it might have fallen right from heaven. It only goes to show you, sir, that the world is full of surprises."

I said: "The person who lost that note must have had one when he found it was missing."

She replied, very firmly: "It couldn't have meant as much to him as it did to us. Destiny sent us that pound note."

The ultimate end of all our little human tragedies is in the hands of Destiny. Since that day, no financial loss can ever shake me.

Human Machine

TO WHAT PORT?

Whistler, the great artist, once remarked that if opportunity was the only thing that decided careers, the greatest art critics in the world would be the attendants at the National Gallery in London.

In fact, of course, they know little or nothing of paintings

Opportunity is a word that can be very easily misunderstood; and when we are told, as we are already being told, that after the war opportunities will be countless and wonderful, it is just as well to know what it means.

It is perfectly true that Opportunity will knock at the door loudly and often—but so will experiment, unthinking and unreasoning ambition, and temptation in a thousand and one guises.

It will be a clever man who can distinguish instantly which of the knocks is that of Opportunity!

"When on travel bent," said some wise man, "you don't go to the harbour and take the first vessel you see and enlist for her destination. You don't even examine them all and choose the one that promises best. You are far more likely to choose your port first, and your vessel accordingly."

When people talk of "Opportunity," that's an aspect of it they are very apt to overlook!

It is not too soon to begin to think now where you want to "go" when this war's over.

For which port are you going to steer?

Only if you decide that can you keep your ears open for the knock on the door that may be your chance.

THEY'LL COME BACK AS COMMANDOS

WHEN Henning Torsten (this is not his real name) left his native Norway to embark on the hazardous trip to Britain with a few of his patriot comrades, he told his family: "I shall be back soon!"

Henning did not know then that before long he would be working and training to make his promise come true.

Enrolled in the Norwegian forces in Britain, he was chosen to be trained as a Norwegian Commando, one of the men to accompany Britain's shock troops on their daring raids on the Continent.

Norwegian Commandos have already collaborated with their British comrades in the landings at Vaagsoe and the Lofoten Islands.

Men who know every corner of the long Norwegian coastline, who can find their way by night through most of the narrow fjords, are attached to British units preparing for further raids.

Longing to Hit Back

But Norwegians are not the only European soldiers who are planning to make a smashing "come-back" to their Nazi-occupied countries.

Frenchmen and officers of General de Gaulle's army are itching to set foot again on French soil and hit back at the German hordes who hold their country down.

Dutch soldiers of Queen Wilhelmina's army are not less eager to clear the quislings out of Holland and to avenge the vicious bomb outrage against defenceless Rotterdam.

The training which these men are undergoing is as hard as that which British Commandos must undertake before they are allowed to go into action.

But, besides training, these foreign Commandos are also able to render valuable help to the staffs and commanding officers who direct the raids.

They know the localities, they know where the German Kommandants have established their headquarters, and where the local quislings are to be found.

They Know the Rats

They can quickly distinguish between their treacherous countrymen and the thousands of loyal patriots who are only waiting for British Commando raids for the chance to escape from the Nazi yoke.

They are envying Polish and Czech airmen who, flying with the R.A.F., have had an opportunity of hitting back at the German invader.

And their ranks may soon be joined by Germans!

Yes, Germans who already wear the uniform of the British Army, and who have volunteered to be trained as Commandos.

They want to be ready to take their place when Germany herself will be invaded and they, ardent anti-Nazis, will be able to drive Hitler out.

Fear of British invasion has already turned the Nazi "invasion army" across the Channel into a defensive force, and the German "invasion general," Dollmann, into a harassed, anxious inspector of defence fortifications.

W. F.

VOICE OF THE TROOPS

WHITE flags can mean anything at the height of battle—even that the war is over.

But one displayed by the Germans in Libya recently merely told that they wanted to tend their wounded, left exposed to the fire of both sides.

Dewar Robertson, of Muirend (near Glasgow) Fire Service, hears the story from a brother-in-law:

The request being granted, we crawled into the open to stretch our legs.

Some of our stretcher-bearers went out and gave the Germans a hand in dressing their wounded.

Meanwhile, we greeted the Germans with "Heil, Hitler!" "How'd a pint of beer go, mate?" and "Have another go to-night?"

They waved back to us—but what they were shouting we couldn't gather.

Anyway, we've had occasion to collect one or two of our wounded lads, and "Jerry" has returned the compliment by respecting our own stretcher-bearers.

THEY HATE MUSSO.

Sapper W. R. Pardey, Middle East Forces, tells his wife, living at Sutton Mandeville, near Salisbury, Wilts, about Italian civilians and soldiers he has met:

They all seem to hate old Musso., and would rather be subjects of their King—all except the violent Fascists, who are usually youngsters of about twenty.

One of the guards, by the way, thought I was an Indian soldier. I have previously been taken for Greek, Palestinian, and Cypriot.

NO BETTER 'OLE!

Released from Tobruk at last, Trooper H. Lambert tells his sister at 37, Hawthorn Place, Ribbleton, Preston, Lancs, that "there's absolutely nothing to write about life in the place." He adds:

You are surrounded by soldiers apt to swear, but as there are no ladies here that doesn't matter.

Flies torture you, but if you try to swat them you merely hurt yourself.

Bombs would worry you if you lived in glasshouses, but you don't.

Home is a hole in the ground with a bit of timber as a roof. The one I shared with a friend is 6 ft. long, 5 wide, 6 deep.

Dining-room, reading-room, writing-room, lounge and bedroom are the same size—for they are the same darned hole. Anyhow, such homes run out cheap.

SLIGHT EXAGGERATION

It seems Mussolini isn't finding it easy to do what he likes with his private ocean.

Private E. H. Brook (7600228) writes to Smith's Avenue, Marsh, Huddersfield, to tell his parents:

We reached the Middle East *viâ* the Mediterranean.

A "Jerry" bomber came over, but a solid wall of steel arose from one of our destroyers. So he muffed his aim badly.

Our ship swung round so sharply that I had the feeling that she had rolled right over and come back to her original position

Still, he managed to drop a bomb within a quarter of a mile of a small cargo boat, which inspired him to announce next morning that he had sunk two cruisers and two destroyers.

NO SALE!

Next letter comes from a lad whose mother and father were killed by a German bomb.

Now, as Leading Aircraftman G. W. Mercer, he is learning to fly in Rhodesia, and writing to his grandmother, Mrs. R. Cooper, at Sydenham Road, Sydenham, he relates:

At last I'm safe to take a machine up on my own (they hope!).

I'd just landed the other day when a young Miss came out with a tray, anxious to sell me a charity flag.

She was walking right into the prop, which was turning fast. I swung the old crate round and missed her.

She shouted out that *I* had very nearly killed her—but I didn't begrudge her her little fit of tantrums, for next minute the slip-stream from the prop. caught her, sending her skirts up to her ears.

MENTAL PUB-CRAWL

Heated argument in Stalag XXB. Private F. A. G. Fox, one of the contestants, appeals to his sister, Miss Doreen Fox, 71, Barry Road, East Dulwich, to settle it:

By coincidence I have met Lloyd Johnson here. How we love to talk about London!

We are arguing whether Brockley is S.E.4 (as he contends) or S.E.14 (as I say). He is going to pay for all drinks in Brockley pubs in S.E.14, and I'm paying for him in S.E.4—when we get back home.

(Lloyd Johnson wins. Brockley is S.E.4. But sufficient of its pubs straggle into S.E.14 to ensure that Private Fox won't go thirsty!—EDITOR.)

** If you have a letter with a good adventure story we may use it at greater length, with payment at higher rates. 10s. 6d. for all other letters published. Service letters are returned. Address: "Voice," JOHN BULL, 92, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

The Finest Field G

WALTER WHITMAN, in a second article on modern munitions, describes a rearguard action in which the British 25-pounder field-gun-howitzer proved its versatility in smashing three separate forces of attack.

THE Beaver says that we're turning out 30,000 guns this year, and that, given reasonable luck, the total will be higher. But he warns the nation that these modern guns consume enormous quantities of ammunition.

Let's take a quick look at just one of these guns—the so-called "gun-how," finest field-piece in the world.

A 25-pounder "gun-how" and its crew in action during military manoeuvres

Many thousands of British workers are carrying out routine tasks connected with this gun, its many accessories and its ammunition, and it's safe to bet a million to a monkey that few of them have anything like an adequate idea of precisely what this gun means to the boys in khaki.

Out in Libya, when our tanks move forward, the 25-pounder "gun-how" follows them.

It dashes ahead, lorry-drawn, at a speed which enables it to keep close up to the tanks.

Travelling Fortress

If an enemy strong point is encountered, the finest field-gun in the world blasts holes through the foe defences.

If, on the other hand, the enemy's tanks counter-attack, then our armoured units have something pretty solid to fall back upon—these 25-pounder batteries, which make up a sort of quick-travelling fortress, and which can fire fairly heavy shells at a rapid rate, and so help a lot towards smashing an enemy tank advance.

Make no mistake about it, there's all **the difference in the world** between the **ordinary light anti-tank guns** and these **25-pounders.**

There isn't a German tank drinking **oil to-day which has armour** thick **enough to withstand a 25-lb.** armour-**piercing shell.**

But don't run away with the idea that these fine guns are tank-busters pure and simple.

No, there's much more in them than that.

Let's look back at Greece for a spell. There, a single day's fighting illustrates all the good qualities of these guns.

A New Zealand infantry brigade was moving back.

There's nothing harder in war than to retire under heavy enemy pressure, especially when the enemy has tanks available on the spot, and you have none in the immediate vicinity.

That was the trouble then.

The New Zealanders, tired from weeks of hard fighting and continual retreats, were "moving through each other."

That means that while one battalion stood and fought to hold the foe back, the other two battalions retreated; then another battalion would hold the rear, and so on.

The road back led up a hill, and on each side of the road was high ground from which Hun snipers took their toll of the tired troops.

But just ahead, at a point where the road turned slightly, a single battery of 25-pounders had taken up position. Reason: that just near by, 4,000 rounds of shell had been artfully hidden.

As the troops came slowly back, the sudden roar of the guns sounded like sweet music to their ears.

The Huns' advanced forces, consisting at that moment of motor-cyclists with machine-guns, were compelled to halt and scatter for cover.

Exit the Tanks!

For two hours the New Zealand column moved back, under cover of a useful barrage put up by the guns.

Then, realising what was causing the hold-up, the German commander sent a message back for tank support.

Up came the tanks, thundering up the rising road to help the Hun infantry and motor-cyclists close in on the New Zealanders and put finish to the resistance.

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

HUNDREDS of men anxious to continue war-work till 8 p.m. start drifting away from their machines at 5 p.m. to make sure of getting home—transport being insufficient to deal with the crowds as the evening wears on.—T. R. J., Prescot, Lancs.

★ ★ ★

Friend who is a Home Guard officer, and who recently had a special course, told me of the curriculum—revealing to me nothing that I was not familiar with as an N.C.O. in 1907.—C. E. Welch, 40, Newburgh Crescent, Warwick.

★ ★ ★

Recent Army order that boots should be dubbined to preserve footwear and ease feet hasn't beaten our spit-and-polish C.O., who insists that toecaps should remain un-dubbined, and brightly polished as before.—Gunner M. G. A., London.

★ ★ ★

I counted 100 boot-scrapers in one small street, average weight 7 lb. each, not one ever used. And I see miles of railings round country estates.—Fred French, Duston, Northants.

★ ★ ★

An R.A.F. officer, running out of petrol for a car, was rightly refused fuel at a near-by aerodrome—but his C.O. didn't mind turning out a 'plane to take him home as a stranded pilot.—R. L., Exmouth, Devon.

★ ★ ★

Happy bride sent six tiny pieces of her wedding cake (two inches by one) to relatives abroad. Not-so-happy bride had them returned because you can't export foodstuffs. How stupid!—C. James, Argyle Road, W.

★ ★ ★

Local post office cannot part with registered mail for the troops until signed for by an officer. Hence, parcels for local troops have lain uncollected for a week, although officers are billeted 300 yards from post office.—E. T., County Durham.

★ ★ ★

Friend of mine volunteered for the W.A.A.F., was kept a week and then, with 100 other girls, sent home because there were no vacancies. It may not matter, but she has lost her job in consequence.—George Somerville, Cumbernauld Road, Millerston, Glasgow.

★ ★ ★

Devonshire friend who visited me saw my pint a day of milk for four adults and said: "Goodness, I have six pints daily and could get more if I wished."—Mrs. C. R. Green, 17, Dudley Avenue, Kenton, Middlesex.

[Children lodging at a Hertfordshire farm have meagre ration, while farmer feeds bucketfuls to rear turkeys—a profitable and purely luxury business.—EDITOR.]

ARE YOU SAVING ALL YOUR WASTE PAPER?

Gun in the World

Tank number one appeared within range of the guns.

A shell struck the road in front of it. Another scored a hit slap under its gun.

A third sent the tank rolling sideways. Grand!

Tank number two suffered a somewhat similar fate. So did several more.

The Hun commander, realising that the more tanks he sent along that narrow road would simply mean more scrap-iron blocking his advance, decided to alter his tactics.

He ordered his infantry to advance under cover of high ridges on each side of the road. In this way they could get close in to the guns and open fire from ideal positions.

A watchful New Zealand scout, perched on a high rock, saw what was happening.

Word came back to the guns.

Eight of them—two troops—ceased being field guns and became howitzers for a change. (It takes only about one minute to alter these dual-purpose weapons from guns to howitzers.)

What was the result?

This: that instead of being able to fire only at targets which could be seen, the high-angle howitzer barrels enabled the guns to drop their shells over the ridges and on to the advancing foe.

Does Two Guns' Jobs

They did this for half an hour, and to such good effect that the completely unhindered retirement of the New Zealanders was effected.

By that time the store of hidden shells had run out, so the guns limbered up and retired too—ready to resume the fight at the next shell dump!

There you have a perfect example of this gun's three main uses.

It smote the Hun foot troops, smashed their tanks, then threw shells up in the air and over a natural obstacle.

In the last war we had to use two guns to secure these results—an 18-pounder field-gun and a 4.5-in. howitzer.

This new gun combines the two and improves upon them. It throws a heavier shell for a greater distance than the old guns did. It is more accurate. And it can be rushed to any threatened point at the speed of an express train!

We'll Need It All

Any worker who is making these guns, or the shells for them, the ammunition trucks which accompany them, or the lorries in which the gun-crews ride, is making victory at so much an hour, and a bit extra for overtime.

And if we seem to be piling up ammunition during quiet spells when nothing much is doing on the field of battle, just remember what will be involved when our grand offensive really gets going.

And, mark you, that offensive has got to succeed. Victory must not only be won; it must come within a reasonable time, or its fruits will be pretty bitter for all of us!

Supporting our invading armies, the guns we are turning out now will fire the ammunition we're producing *now*.

Lord Beaverbrook's 30,000 guns might well fire, in the course of full-scale operations a grand total—a dismal total for the Huns!—of *scores of millions* of shells daily.

And this, of course, is only a small part of our armaments programme. But it may help you to realise that total war means big totals of weapons and munitions.

Quite a lot of people in boiler suits are needed to keep the boys in khaki or blue busy.

Total war means total output.

Early victory means the highest possible output without the slightest further delay.

Make sure we get it!

ALL THE ANSWERS

WHY A FRESH WAR CABINET?

● Demand grows for a War Cabinet of five or, at the most, six men with no departmental duties.

Lloyd George used such an inner Cabinet last time with remarkable success.

My own suggestion for such a War Cabinet—one, believe me, must come—is Churchill, Beaverbrook, Bevin, Shinwell and Cripps, with L.G. as an adviser.

WHAT ARE "VESTED INTERESTS" NOW

● In peace time, people living in the existing System are entitled to protect their property, their inventions, and the profits of their work or investments.

But to-day any prejudice or any withholding from the common pool is a vested interest.

I hear distressing stories—for instance, of a famous peer who protested, successfully against his property being used for the erection of light pylons needed to guide pilots to an aerodrome, and of rich landlords who have prevented their property from being used for food production.

On the other hand, the narrow interpretation of any trade union rule is, nowadays, equally anti-State.

ARE INVASION LEAFLETS OUT OF DATE?

● "Stay put" was the chief advice offered over a year ago!

Russian civilians have not stayed put. They harass the enemy behind the lines. Hundreds of thousands of them risk death every hour in keeping the Germans awake all night, setting fire to their stores, sneaking in and swooping down on them, doing a hundred things to delay invasion.

And all we have are the old "Stay Put" leaflets! Yet we are told that invasion is more than a possibility.

Surely, surely the lesson of Russia must be learned.

As for the invasion leaflets, well, no doubt they have been sent back as salvage.

The civil population still knows nothing about what it ought to do.

HOW CAN PEACE AIMS SPEED VICTORY

● The more the world understands our peace aims, the more it is inspired to greater effort.

But things stand in the way.

There is the fixed idea in some minds that we must win the war first, and discuss peace aims afterwards. So the Atlantic Charter has been left a matter of elusive words and there is nobody in the Cabinet with the necessary will to say exactly what it means.

Besides, there are in high places many people who want to retain the Old Order. They prefer to leave such dangerous matters as "peace aims" to the future.

And the trouble is that those people who object to a new kind of world are those who still believe in the old-fashioned methods of warfare.

HANNEN SWAFFER

Thousands of people who do not go to church listen to broadcast services

RELIGION IS MORE THAN WISHFUL THINKING

Says HUMANIST

Every week Humanist tackles a post-bag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

READERS often send religious problems for my opinion, but only very occasionally do I deal with them in my columns. JOHN BULL is non-sectarian in its outlook, and even if it were not I should decline to praise one particular "ism" and ignore the rest.

The following problem from a young married woman strikes me as interesting:

My husband and I have become friendly with a young couple (*she writes*), quite nice people and excellent company, but they do not believe in religion, and I am afraid of their influence on our growing family.

They say that human beings are nothing more than highly developed animals and that the idea that we are anything more is a delusion. They are clever talkers and I feel at a loss.

I don't expect you to answer twenty questions, but I would like to be able to say something in self-defence. What can I say to a man who tells me that my religious beliefs are nothing more than wishful thinking?

To begin with, we human beings differ from animals in our power of contemplation and in our deep-rooted need for moral standards.

To these might be added a third, the sense of exaltation we feel in the presence of beauty.

Does an animal create standards of right and wrong or worry over its sins?

Does it thrill to ecstasy at the sight of a wood full of bluebells or the sound of the Peer Gynt music?

"The ox knoweth his owner," quoted the late Lord Balfour, adding: "But he doesn't know that he knows. Man does, and this is one of the fundamental differences between ourselves and the rest of Creation."

NOW for a letter from a man:

I have read several books lately about the theory of evolution, and feel grateful to the great scientists.

But what I want to ask you is whether you think people are as religious minded as they were a generation ago. If not, do you think that the works of the scientists are responsible for the change?

Church attendance is smaller than it used to be. This does not apply to all churches, of course, but the number of people who go "nowhere" is greater than ever.

Still, my own impression is that people are more interested in religion to-day than they were a few years ago.

Thousands listen to broadcast services, for example, who do not enter a church from January to December.

Whether creation was a slow-motion or a swift process does not make the mystery of life any less.

But to any young man who is worried about the subject I would recommend Drummond's "The Ascent of Man," which shows how the teachings of science and the revelations of religion may be saying the same thing in different language.

A THIRD letter about religion comes from another man:

What can one say to a friend (*he asks*) who has discovered that all his experiences of life are contrary to the teaching of his childhood.

He is one of the best men in the world, but nothing of major importance seems to have gone right for him since he reached adult life. His wife is mentally unsound, his younger daughter a permanent invalid, and his elder daughter awaiting her divorce after a very brief marriage.

My friend is breaking down under the burden. He says he would be a hypocrite to profess to believe in the goodness of God or that righteous living pays. He says there is neither justice nor mercy to be expected from Providence.

It is a very old problem—one of the oldest in the world—and was dealt with in dramatic form in the Book of Job.

Anyone can keep his faith when everything prospers for him. The point about Job is that he remained steadfast when everything went awry.

Eighteen months ago we saw wholesale villainy marching in triumph. We have seen it more recently in the East. It was enough to try the faith of any decent man and woman in ultimate justice. In fact, one woman reader wrote to say that if Hitler were victorious she would turn atheist!

I am afraid I answered her rather sharply, but it was difficult to be patient at a time of crisis, and I am sure she has forgiven me.

A faith which cheers us when things are flourishing, but fails us utterly when everything looks hopeless, is not worth having.

LIFE

THE golden edge, the silver lining, the top of the hill with God's sunlight shining. The blue patched sky, the glad to-morrow, God gave these things to balance sorrow.

THE New Chance, the bad tide turning, the star of Hope forever burning. The fields of Life lit with clover, and the wheel of Fortune turning over.

THE Robin's song when it is snowing, the Peace of heart beyond men's knowing. The smile that heals our bitter tears, and God's Blessing on us all, my dears.

LOVE found when it seemed past all finding, and Frienaship's Inn on Life's road upwinding. The Light of Heaven on sea and land, and the Whole of Life in the Palm of God's Hand. J. M.

SO EASY TO AVOID INDIGESTION

Fully 90 per cent. of stomach sufferers need never endure another twinge of indigestion if they kept the acidity of their stomach within bounds. Doctors agree that the quickest, safest way to alkalize an acid stomach is to take 'Milk of Magnesia' after meals. Thousands of former sufferers have discovered this unfailing way of avoiding indigestion, wind, nausea, sour repeating, and worse gastric troubles. Foods that once tortured them, they can now enjoy and digest to their heart's content. If you are subject to indigestion get 'Milk of Magnesia' and take it after your next meal. It makes food agree and eases digestion amazingly. You'll be delighted. Be sure to get 'Milk of Magnesia.' 1/5 and 2/10 (treble quantity). *Including Purchase Tax.* Also 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets, 9d., 1/1½, 2/3 and 3/11½. (*Including Purchase Tax.*) Obtainable everywhere.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

GOOD FOOD

Fruit and Sugar make good

BATGER'S 'CHINESE' FIGS

COLDS & 'FLU

quickly banished by

Cephos

Sold everywhere in tablet or powder form 1/3 & 2/- SINGLE DOSE 3d.

"Walters'

Palm Toffee

Control price 5d PER QUARTER

DELIGHTS STRENGTHENS SUSTAINS

Four hours at a stretch for the Bosun's Mate—middle watch and the cocoa's cold when it gets to him. Enough to make any man swear—and swearing's a privilege he clings to. So when it's time to turn in, he swears by Kolynos to freshen his mouth—always keeps a tube in his locker . . . nothing like KOLYNOS for a clean mouth, white teeth and a sparkling smile. No wonder all the nice girls . . .

RHEUMATISM

Pain fades out as Sloans soaks in

Almost as soon as you apply Sloans you feel a soothing warmth steal through the aching part and the pain begins to fade away. Sloans brisks up the circulation, disperses congestion and brings ease and relief to suffering nerves and aching joints.

If you suffer from **rheumatism, lumbago, neuritis,** or **agonising cramp** at night, you can rely on Sloans to stop these pains.

At all chemists and stores.

SLOANS liniment KILLS PAIN

THE LAST LAUGH

O. S. (Kennington).—"Elastic stops the circulation." When you called here the other day, we noticed that you had an elastic band round your wad of notes.

V. L. (Hampstead).—"Owing to metal shortage, dresses are being made with fewer hooks on them." The average girl won't mind there being fewer hooks on her dress so long as there are plenty of eyes on it.

D. N. (Essex). — "In a near-by street a bull recently charged some shoppers." We understand they expressed considerable indignation, holding that they had been charged quite enough already.

J. J. (Burnley).—"Bone fertiliser for your vegetable garden—that is very important." Yes, but from whom?

P. R. (Rugeley).—"For some weeks past my wife has been in a huff. She refuses to speak to me and will give no reason for her strange conduct." See letter below.

Mrs. R. (Rugeley).—"While I was walking along the street in the black-out a man tried to pick me up. Although he didn't recognise me I knew at once that it was my husband." See letter above.

PRIVATE (Colchester). — "A Northern Command Order says that a soldier must not consider a sock unserviceable until the hole has reached a diameter of 1 in. or more." Or, alternatively, until he has genuine difficulty in deciding into which aperture he should put his foot.

C. H. (Wellingborough). — "Mr. Churchill's air journey from Bermuda was accomplished in much quicker time than was anticipated." As a matter of fact, we understand that it lasted only about eight cigars and a half.

F. J. (Mansfield).—"I am writing this letter with my fingers crossed." Your pen-nib seems to have been crossed, too.

A. Y. (Lyme Regis).—"I have forgotten what it is like to eat an orange." Then may we remind you that it is something like eating a lemon, only sweeter.

BERYL (Oswestry). — "I sang a comic song, but nobody laughed." Did you by any chance forget to tell them that it was a comic song?

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

There is no truth, as yet, in the report that British soldiers, dressed as Japanese, are now landing in the Caroline Islands

F. M. (Stockwell).—"I spend Sundays at my country cottage, and sometimes have difficulty with the rural Food Council in getting my meat ration." Not quite satisfied with your little week-end joint, eh?

D. M. (Ingatestone).—"I read that as a nation Germans are very fond of cats." Cats throughout the Reich hope that this affection will stand the strain of the repeated appeals for fur coats to send to the Eastern Front.

C. W. (Rotherham). — "People who fail to return borrowed books give the most specious excuses." Some, we understand, actually have the nerve to plead salvage

D. E. (Shrewsbury). — "The original Quisling is reported to be ill." He probably brought it on himself by listening to B.B.C. broadcasts giving details of what will happen to all Quislings after the war.

B. V. N. (Atherstone).—"Carpets are now rationed throughout Italy." There appears to be no shortage in Germany, judging by the number the Fuehrer uses to have Generals on.

Side-Slips

TOTNES TIMES AND DEVON NEWS:—"... mentioned that arrangements had been made whereby private and confidential documents could be placed in a SOCK and sealed up."

EVESHAM JOURNAL:—"A reception, at which many guests attended, was afterwards held at the 'Vauxhall Inn,' and many useful PARENTS were received."

GREATEST OF THESE

● James Davies has made heroic deeds a sort of habit. In all, he has saved fourteen people from drowning, and holds the Royal Humane Society's medal.

He is forty-two, served in Palestine in 1916, and for fourteen years in the Territorials. He has since served in the Merchant Navy, but had the misfortune to be scalded with oil, and after being in hospital was discharged with bronchitis and asthma and internal trouble

He supports a wife and eight children. Six of the children are of school age and under, while the two elder girls are at work, their combined wages being 34s. He is just well enough to work again, but only has the clothes he stands in. He and his wife are terribly worried as to how they are going to pay debts incurred through his illness, and the expenses of moving from a danger area.

Winter aggravates the sufferings of a bronchial person who is poorly clad, and we ask our readers to send donations, earmarked "Scalded," to help this man, who is so keen to secure a livelihood for his family.

Send your letters to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund*, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, and lists of subscriptions are kept at this office. A copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

There are no deductions for administration expenses.

We are grateful to those who send to us anonymously.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

Result of "BULLETS" 1,309

FIRST PRIZE £50.

W. S. Brayden, 174, Lower Road, Belvedere, Kent. Example: RISING SUN Bullet: STEALS UPON "SLEEPY WORLD."

£20: E. Clarke, 10, St. Peter's Close, St. Albans. Example: Years Ago Bullet: Reckless "Rolled Back" *Sleeves.*

£10: Mrs. S. E. Goodwin, 8, Stanley Drive, Humberstone, Leicester. Example: Seeds Of Victory Bullet: Demand "Showers" Of Savings.

£5: E. G. Hardiman, 11, Elmhurst Rd., Forest Gate, E.7. Path Of Duty—Is "Liberty Lovers' Lane."

£4: C. J. Finn, 425, High Street, Chatham. Terrible—"Collision," *Organised* Freedom's "Line."

£3: A. H. Milburn, 367, Benson Rd., Newcastle-on-Tyne. The High Command—Imposts "Buttons"—Forgets "Push."

£2: Mrs. F. Chandler, 4, Paddock Lane, Dunham Massey, nr. Altrincham. Savage's Nightmare—Will Soon Have Nightmare!

20s.: M. H. Gover, 6, Tytchurst Gardens, Ilford. In The Post-war World—"Survivors" Hosts Become "Dole."

20s.: F. Hornby, 24, Elm St., Ellesmere Port. Path Of Duty—Tread—And "Leave Potters"!

14s.: G. Beaumont, Thorton, Gorhill Ave., Lightridge Rd., Fixby, Huddersfield. Brilliant Success—If Some Politicians "Entrusted."

12s.: L. Gittleman, 21, Oak Rd., Leeds. What The Duchess Sold—Made Empire "Raise £5M"!

10s.: C. W. Nunn, 60, Gordon Rd., Camberley, Surrey. The High Command—Surely Beaten Emperor's Shoulder!

A list of 20 Winners of 10s. and 20 Winners of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Mark Awards have also been posted.

2 BIG CHEQUES

WON IN X-WORD No. 261.

WINNING WORDS: 1. First. 2. Grin. 3. Miser 4. Wed. 5. Leal. 6. Boat. 7. Pool. 8. Trade. 9. Tea. 10. Glen. 11. Con. 12. Dutch. 13. Quilt. 14. Fever.

£100 SHARERS: Mrs. E. Atkins, Mem 1, W.M.S. Lydd, c/o G.P.O., London: H. J. Francis, 16, Cedar Court, Chiham, S.E.9.

£25 CASH shared between 20 Runners-up.

SEE OPPOSITE PAGE FOR PRIZES VALUE £340

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This Book Tells You What to Make and Shows You How to Do It.

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A complete wardrobe in wool with garments for every occasion. Dainty undies—vests, panties, bodices, brassieres, bedjackets. Sports clothes—cardigans, pull-overs, socks, suits. Frocks—blouses, collars and cuffs in metal thread. Jumpers, evening bolaros, beaded evening jumpers. Scarves, hoods and turbans of every kind, and gloves in exciting new designs, and every size—all knitted on two needles, etc.

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Designs you can knit in khaki without coupons. Polo-necked sweater, cable pullovers, long-sleeved and sleeveless pullovers of every kind. Cardigans, lumber jackets, helmets, scarves, gloves, mittens and underwear, etc.

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Layette, knickers, suits, bonnets, dungarees, jerseys and cardigans. Hoods and pullovers, socks and gloves in every size, etc.

Every Kind of Garment for Every Member of the Family is Covered in the nearly 400 Diagrams, Photographs and Patterns in this Book.

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This is the book every woman needs NOW—a wonderful PRACTICAL HOW-TO-DO-IT book that will save you money and precious coupons.

It not only shows you how to make hundreds of new knitted garments for yourself, your family and the Forces (many without using any coupons at all, the rest with very few coupons)—it also shows how to make new garments from old discarded woollies!

This work contains 320 big pages, 70,000 words, and over 400 wonderful explanatory, step by step photographs, drawings and patterns. Experienced knitters will find many new ideas, while everything is made so clear that beginners simply cannot go wrong. JOHN BULL under its Great War Time Book Service to Readers makes it available at a low privilege price. Supplies are limited. All applications dealt with in strict rotation. You send no money now for this book, but you must apply on the Order-Label below at once!

In this wonderful new book you will see how to give new life to old woollen garments. How to use up your odds and ends! Work-box bits become attractive clothes. Coupon-free yarns, rayon wools and silks.

Size of book 9 in. x 6 in., bound in Crash Canvas, beautifully embossed.

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These are times that 'take it out of you'—there's no escaping the extra strain on your Nerves and the extra drain on your Reserves of Energy. You need the AID that Vitamin Yeast in the highly concentrated form of Yestamin can and *will* give you.

Yestamin strengthens and protects against Colds, 'Flu, Indigestion, Constipation and other common ailments. It makes good vitamin deficiencies—ordinary meals put New Life into you when you take Yestamin with them. This potent, yet *entirely drugfree*, tonic food will cost you only a penny a day. Start on it *NOW!—for aid.*

Of all Chemists.

YESTAMIN

Vitamin Yeast Tablets

100 for 1/11, 225 for 2/3, 300 for 3/-.

The English Grains Co., Ltd., Burton-on-Trent.

Fynnon Salt

Claims too modest says Rheumatic patient

We have received a remarkable letter from a Hampstead man, Mr. J.F.W. Read the following extract:—

"For the past eight months I have been considerably troubled with rheumatism which commenced in the shoulder and later also developed in the knee and then the ankle. Now, after taking Fynnon Salt for exactly one month I am rid of all pain and stiffness of the affected joints. I have never felt more fit. The modesty in your claims for Fynnon Salt is reminiscent of a famous phrase inasmuch as 'There never was so little said for a remedy so great.' Yours bucked and grateful. J.F.W."

Fynnon Salt contains the natural salts of Sodium, Potassium, and Lithium. That's why Fynnon Salt can wash away rheumatic acids and effect such grand recoveries. Large tin 1/5 at all chemists. Trial size 7d. Including Purchase Tax.

Fynnon Ltd., Ge. West Rd., Brentford, Middx.

£1,125 ALL-CASH OFFER

FOR 'John Bull' X-WORD

1st PRIZE £500—Runners-up £25 CASH

For result of Xword No. 261, see page 14; to win in this week's Competitions, study clues carefully and enter on coupon below.

CLUES Arrange every clue by selecting letter in entry column.	5P Entry-fee for 1 Col.	5P	5P	5P
1 WELL-BUILT GIRL MAY GO ON SPROUTING INTO EVERY PERSON YEAR	VI	LA		
2 SOMETIMES CONTAINS A GOOD PUNCH		IST		
3 IT'S NOT SURPRISED TO HEAR THAT WHEN A GIRLS IS UNDRESSED	SL	M		
4 YOU EXPECT AVERAGE BOY TO BE DE-LIGHTED WITH SOFT OF ONE	TAN	ER		
5 GOOD FOREMAN IS LIKELY TO MAKE IN-CONSIDERABLE ALARMER		OIL		
6 PRICES OF ESSENTIAL FOODS ARE BE EX-PECTED CONSIDERABLY TO	RI	E		
7 BEAUTY IS OFTEN ENHANCED BY PROCESS OF	VEI	ING		
8 YOU MAY BE STUNG IF YOU DON'T RAMBLE THIS CAREFULLY	CO	RA		
9 MANY SUCCEED IMPROVE THEIR TECH-NIQUE BY EXPERIENCE IN	WAR			
10 THAT OF GOOD, HONEST FIRMS OCCASION-ALLY BENEFITS PUBLIC	C	ASH		
11 MAY SOMETIMES BE FOUND IN DEEP WATERS	BIG	T		
12 WHEN TRANSPORTED BY BOAT, MANY GOODS ARE KEPT IN THIS		OLD		
13 THERE ARE SOME PEOPLE WHO CAN'T GET OVER	CHA	M		
14 REAL PARTNERSHIP IS IMPOSSIBLE WITH MAN WITH NO BEARD FOR		ACT		

FREE ENTRIES Send in entries at rate of 6d. for each 2 columns submitted. 2 columns FREE with each 6 paid. Entries on plain paper equally eligible—same rate of entry-fee.

Closing Postmark MON., MAR. 2.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Bulletin" and "Gazette."

P.O. Value..... No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

(No. 268)

-CUT ROUND THIS LINE.-

ADDRESS ENTRY With Xwords you may enclose "Bullets"—one entry-fee covers both entries.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. £25 Cash Award between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword coupons used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated March 21, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

£200 for 'BULLETS'

PRIZES Value over

FIRST PRIZE—£50 CASH

Others £20 £10 £5 £4 £3 £2 £1

36 34 32 30 20 of 10/-

50 of 2/6 etc. 1000 CONSOLATION AWARDS

FIRST PRIZE WIRE—FRIDAY MAR. 13

USE ANY OF THESE "EXAMPLES" TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE, or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below.

AT THE EMPIRE'S GATES
WHITEHALL WANTS
TO HELP THE WAR
AS WE HAVE SEEN
THAT MAN
HAVING A FINE TIME
OUR TANKS
CAUSE OF THE HAVOC
SOWING THE SEEDS
OUGHT TO BE SHOT
WILLINGLY
TO FINISH WITH

WHEN THE SPRING COMES
NOT A SOUND
DIG FOR VICTORY AND
STRATEGIC WITHDRAWAL
COMFORTING
SURPRISE FOR FRITZ
WHAT WENT WRONG

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

MAN WHO CAN .....
WHEN I'VE A .....
FOOLED THE .....
SHOWS HIS .....
FRIGHTENED .....
BIT OF OLD .....

Result of "Bullets" No. 1,309 appears on page 14

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

TWO FREE REPORTS may be enclosed with each four paid—plain paper entries allowed.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets on this Coupon, including 1d. for "Bulletin" and "Gazette."

Signed .....

Address .....

P.O. Value..... No. .....

1,313 Closing Postmark MON., MAR. 2.

-CUT ROUND THIS LINE-

ADDRESS YOUR ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,313—or Xword No. 265, "JOHN BULL," LORD ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

When Minors are 'in' the room goes out!

Washing without an Acme is like cooking without a stove

The makers deeply regret that, owing to wartime conditions, production of ACME Wringers has been suspended. Whenever peace is restored and conditions allow, ACMES will again be obtainable through all good Ironmongers, Hardware and Furnishing Stores.

WRINGER—MANGLE—CLEANSER—
ALL IN ONE!

'HE WAS A PAL'

I WAS AT MY WITS' END UNTIL I TRIED YOUR WONDERFUL YEAST-VITE

c/o G.P.O., London.
January 19th, 1942.

Dear Sirs,

I feel I should write and thank you for the great benefit I have derived from taking your Yeast-Vite tablets.

A few months ago I was knocked out with pneumonia, which left me with rheumatism, accompanied by constipation. As I was due for an important examination I was at my wits' end, trying to find something to relieve me.

An old shipmate of mine, whom I met a while ago, remarked on my appearance, and advised me to give Yeast-Vite a trial. All I can say is—he was a pal, and your tablets a blessing. Not only do I feel better all round, but I have been able to pass my exam. successfully.

I shall not be satisfied until I have recommended your tablets to everyone of my shipmates who happen to get run-down. They are wonderful!

(Sgd.) Leading Seaman G.

Richmond-upon-Thames,
January 12th, 1942.

Dear Sirs,

Referring to my telephone call to-day—I suggest that you should mention in your advertisement that Yeast-Vite tablets have an amazing knack of stopping colds.

For years I have had head colds off and on each winter. This year I got looking after our shop (a particularly draughty one), my husband having a war job, and was in for a real "snorter" of a cold. I mentioned it to a customer, who recommended Yeast-Vite.

Well, the cold didn't materialise, and since then at the first signs I fly to my bottle of Yeast-Vite, and may tell you I've passed the good word along.

Here's wishing your product every success.

(Sgd.) V. E.

Accept This Offer!

If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Nerves, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, simply obtain a 1/4 bottle of Yeast-Vite at once. If you don't feel better QUICKLY, return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase, and your money will be refunded at once and in full.

YEAST-VITE tonic tablets, 7d., 1/4, 3/3 and 5/4, including purchase tax. Sold Everywhere.

QUICKEST & SAFEST for your COLD

Phensic kills the germs in your Bloodstream

A cold-stopper can be called *quick* only when you feel the benefit of a dose within a few minutes of taking. It can only be called *safe* if young and old can take it without harm to the heart or risk of upset to the stomach. On these counts Phensic is both *QUICKEST* and *SAFEST*. Two tablets exert a very powerful, yet harmless effect. Try Phensic at once!

3½d., 6½d., 1/4, 3/3 and 5/4 (including Purchase Tax)

Phensic

Pronounced 'FEN-SIK'

What do I do...

to make my torch battery last longer?

I fit a 3.5 volt bulb to my torch instead of the 2.5 volt one which it probably has now.

I know that this will give a *little* less light. But I remember that it will make my batteries last half as long again, and that this means a very big saving in fibre board which is in short supply just now.

Also, of course, I do not use my torch unless it is absolutely necessary.

Cut this out—and keep it!

Issued by the Ministry of Information.

Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society.

Leave lavatory-cleaning to HARPIC

1 JUST SPRINKLE IN AND LEAVE

Last thing at night is a good time to use Harpic in the lavatory. Sprinkle in and leave it till morning.

2 WHOLE BOWL GERMS WHITE

In the morning, flush and you will find the lavatory pan is white and clean; all discoloration has vanished.

3 CLEANS S-BEND TOO

The part you see is clean, and so is the important part you can't see—the S-bend in the pipe at the back. Every thing is sanitary and safe. And so easily, so *cleanly!*

NOTHING TAKES THE PLACE OF HARPIC

Harpic is specially made for cleaning the lavatory. That's why it works so thoroughly and surely. From now on, leave it to Harpic. Get some to-day!

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD.

Save fuel for the factories

COAL · COKE · ELECTRICITY
GAS · FUEL OIL · PARAFFIN

Have a fire in one room only. Breakfast in the kitchen and save lighting the sitting-room fire until you really have to.

Issued by the Mines Department

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